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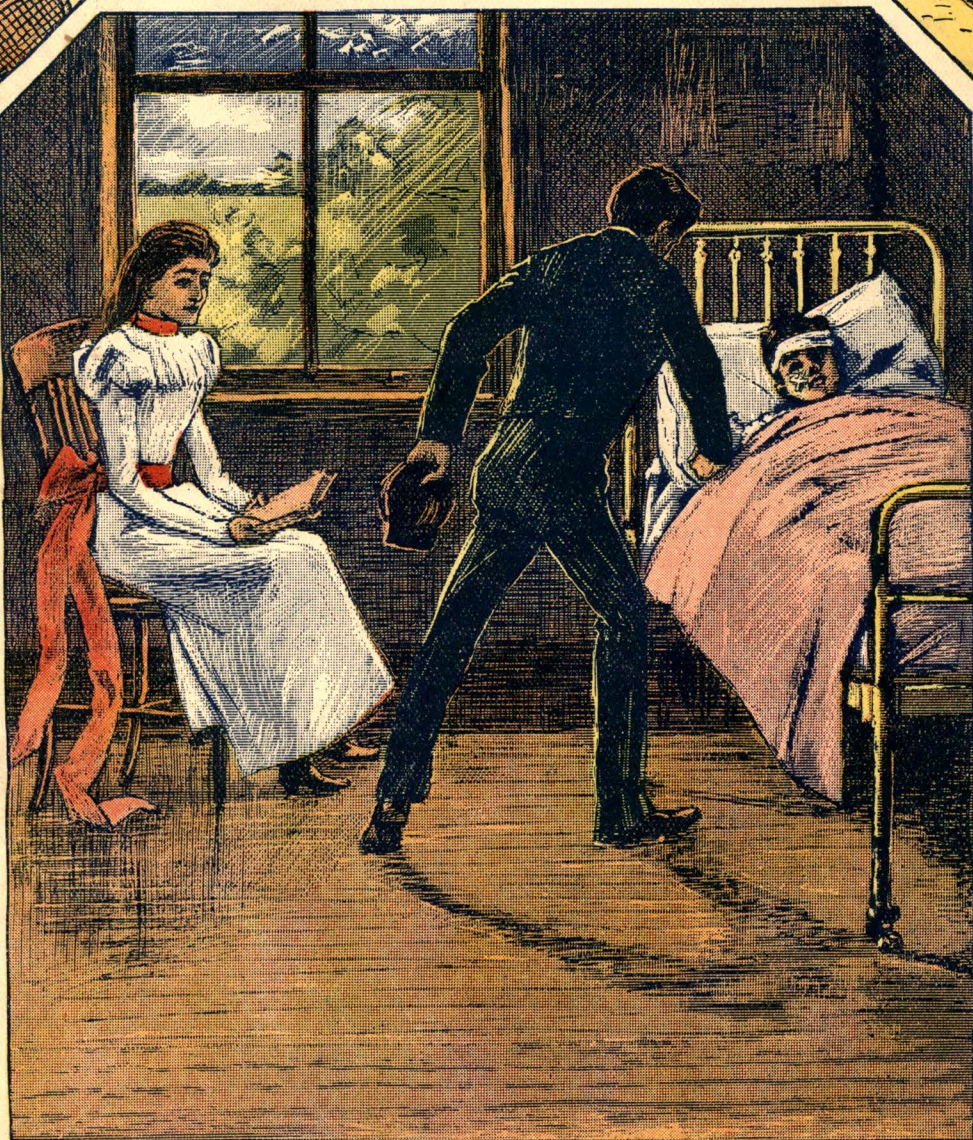
SPECIAL FOOTBALL NUMBER

5 CENTS

ARMY AND NAVY

A Weekly Publication for Our Boys

ROMANCE SPORTS ADVENTURE



TEXAS SEIZED MARK'S ONE WELL ARM AND SHOOK IT HEARTILY.

(From "Mark Mallory's Decision," by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison, U.S.A.) Complete in this Number.

STREET & SMITH

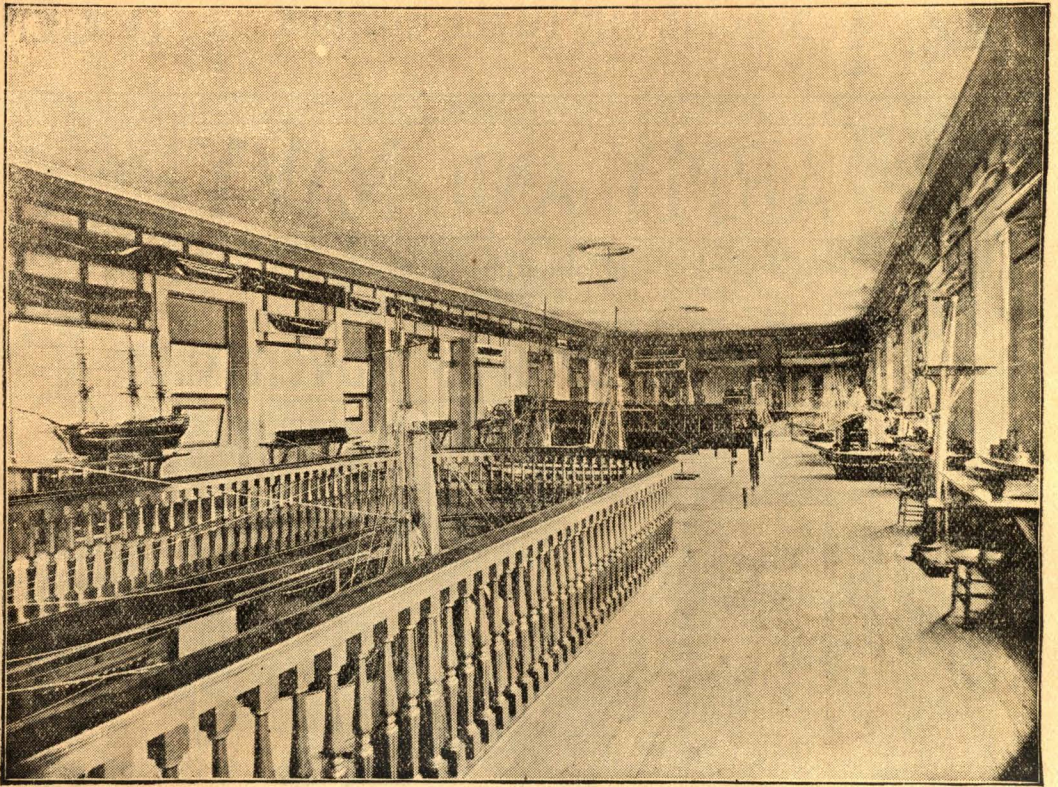
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SEAMANSHIP MODEL ROOM.

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

By JOSEPH COBLENTZ GROFF.

One of the oldest and most interesting buildings on the ground is the Seamanship Hall, situated nearly opposite the superintendent's spacious quarters.

It is but two stories high, but in every available corner there is some model or relic relating to seamanship, both ancient and modern.

Not much attention is paid to this building and its contents during pleasant weather, for then the cadets are kept busy with out-door drills; but on rainy days, or in mid-winter, one division of cadets at a time reports at this building for varied instruction in seamanship.

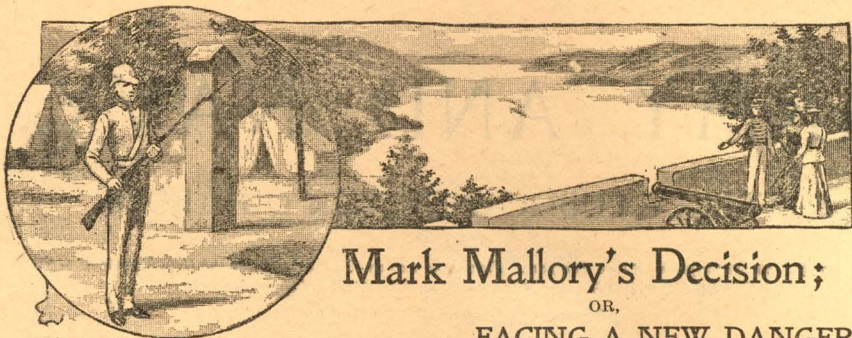
The whole of the centre of the main floor is taken up by the model of a full rigged ship. It is about fifty feet long and is fitted with standing and running rigging, sails, anchors, etc., complete in every way.

This model was built at a great expense for exhibition at the Centennial of 1876, and afterwards was presented to the Naval Academy.

Along the sides of the floor, all over the second floor, and in every available corner along the stairways are to be found models of anchors, masts and capstans; of sailing vessels such as were used many hundred years ago, with towering masts and huge, unwieldy hulls; of monitors, that set the world to wondering thirty-five years ago by reason of the innovation of iron-clads; and of every conceivable thing in connection with seamanship.

Commissioned officers are detailed as instructors at times when instruction is given in the model room; and while the "plebes" are being shown how to hoist, reef and furl sails, and are taught the names of the different parts of the ship and the rigging, upper classmen are assembled at other parts of the building where an officer delivers to them a lecture on the most improved ways of handling anchors, and of performing any of the many evolutions known, and of meeting emergencies of various sorts aboard ship.

At the time of the lecture he requires the cadets to manipulate the models and to rig up any part of the ship that might be needed for purpose of practical illustration. When the cadets go on the summer cruise they are required to put into practical use the knowledge they have gained during the winter in the model room.



Mark Mallory's Decision;

OR,

FACING A NEW DANGER.

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

MARK MALLORY IN HOSPITAL.

"General Miles here! Durnation, man, who told you so?"

"I saw him myself. He just got off the train. And there's going to be a review of the corps and a whole lot of stuff. Don't you hear those guns? That's the salute, b'gee!"

The two speakers, cadets, both of them, at the West Point Academy, paused in their excited conversation to listen to the booming of the cannon to the west of the camp. And scarcely had the sound ceased before the roll of a drum was heard, coming from the guard tent at the head of the A Company street.

"That's the call to quarters, b'gee," continued the bearer of the news excitedly. "I bet we're going to see some fun, Texas."

That "call to quarters" brought cadets from every direction hurrying into camp to "spruce up," and "fall in;" but the two, who were seated on a bench over by Trophy Point, did not even offer to move. For that call to quarters had nothing to do with them; that was for old cadets, the first classmen, and the yearlings. The two were "plebes," new cadet's of scarcely a month's age, "beasts."

When the battalion turned out for review in honor of its distinguished guest nobody thought of putting them on exhibition.

It was no hardship for the two, for they felt lazy that hot July afternoon, and especially the taller one, called Texas, because he came from that State. He was

a slender chap, rather stoop-shouldered, and certainly quiet and peaceable-looking. No one would ever have guessed that this same Jeremiah Powers had an "arm" that was the terror of West Point and a pair of steel gray eyes that could flash fire and fury when they wanted to.

His companion was smaller and livelier. Dewey was his name, a handsome merry chap with a laugh that made every one feel merry, and an amusing habit of punctuating his remarks with "b'gee" ad lib.

The two sat looking at the line forming over by camp, and also at a group of figures way down at the other end of the parade ground, a group of blue-uniformed officers, with the West Point band at the head. It was evidently the superintendent and his staff and the distinguished visitor with him.

"Looks as if there's goin' to be high jinks roun' hyar," observed Texas. "It's a durnation shame Mark Mallory ain't hyar to see it."

Dewey assented to that emphatically, and Texas after a few moments of moody thoughtfulness, continued:

"Dog gone them durnation ole cadets!" he growled. "It makes me want to git up and slash round some whenever I think of half o' that whole battalion pitchin' in to punch a feller, because not one of 'em was man enough to lick him in a square stand up fight. Tell you, it makes my blood boil! An' they broke his shoulder, an' sent him to hospital, an' he too much of a man to tell on 'em at that! The durnation cowards!"

"That's what I say, too, b'gee!" chimed in Dewey. "Mark Mallory's the

spunkiest man that ever they laid eyes on."

"That's what he is," growled Texas. "Jes' think o' whar we'd be ef twan't for him. We'd be lettin' them durnation cadets haze us, that's what we would. Only long comes Mark Mallory, an' he gits up this yere organization of ours, the Seven Devils, and gits the seven to promise to back him. An' they've never dared haze us since."

"Betcher life, b'gee!" cried the other.

"Every time they've tried to haze us, Mark Mallory's fooled 'em. He's regular made monkeys of 'em, an' that's what's made 'em so mad. He licked the best fighter the yearlings could find an' he licked him square, too. He's busted up their durnation entertainments, an' hazin's an' all."

"And b'gee," laughed Dewey, "b'gee, he even went to their hop!"

"Somethin' no plebe ever dared to do before," added the other. "But Mark did it an' he danced, too, with all the prettiest girls thar. An' one o' the durnation ole managers ordered him out——"

"And, b'gee, Mark made him fight for it!"

"That's what he did. He sent him a challenge next day, an' that too, though the whole dog gone fust class said they'd pay him back if he dared. An' he made that feller cross the Hudson way off'n cadet limits one night an' gave him a fair fight an' a-wallopin'. An' then the hull dog gone class had to go an' lick him."

Texas' statement of the case has to be duly modified. The whole first class had vowed that that fight should not come off, and had followed Mark to stop it. Mark had outwitted them and "licked" his man. The class had found him in the woods just after that, and certain of them, the more cowardly ones, surely, had proceeded to "get square." The rest had tried to stop them, but not until the gamey fighting plebe and his second had been badly used up.

Texas had arrived just then with the rest of Mark's friends, the Seven Devils. He had carried off Mark at the point of a revolver, and had run off with the cadet's boat, besides, leaving them stranded in peril of their commissions, and scared them "blue." And Mark Mallory, the

unhazable, the terror of the corps, was in hospital as a result of it all.

"Never mind," said Dewey, prophetically. "Just wait till he's well again, b'gee! And we'll stick by him meanwhile."

"Will we?" echoed Texas. "I couldn't tell in a thousand years what that aire feller's done fo' me. An' I know one other besides uss even that'll stand by him, too."

"Grace Fuller, you mean?"

"That's what I do! Ever since Mark swan out and near killed himself savin' her from drownin' that girl's been the best friend ever he had. You jes' ought to go over to Hospital an' see how she sends him flowers an' fruit an' things. They let her in to sit with him an' talk to him where they won't let us plebes near him."

"B'gee, I don't blame 'em!" laughed Dewey. "They're afraid of you over there, since they had to nurse you after you rode out and "held up" the artillery squadron at drill. But I tell you, Mark's in luck to have Grace spooney over him. She's the most beautiful girl I ever saw, and she's the belle of this place. I declare I can hardly believe it, that she's joined with us plebes to fool the yearlings."

"She's jes' full o' fun," laughed Texas, "but I reckon the great reason's cause she's so fond o' Mark. I wish I had his luck. I jes' stand off, 'n look at her and wonder s'posin' 'twas me—dog gone it!"

Texas saw an amused smile begin to flit about his companion's merry face; he suspected he was about to "remind" that cheerful recounter of a yarn; so he stopped.

"Tell you what," he continued after some more thinking. "I know 'nother girl that's dead gone on Mark."

"B'gee!" cried Dewey in surprise. "Who's that?"

"'Meg' Adams."

"Who on earth is she?"

"I reckon she came in afore you met us," mused Texas. "Yes, 'twas 'fore you joined the Seven Devils. Do you know Bull Harris?"

"B'gee!" laughed Dewey. "I licked the cuss once."

"That's so," said Texas. "I forgot. Well Bull—'twas jes' like him—was botherin' this girl down on the road to Highland Falls one day. He had hold of her arm an' she was fightin' to git away or somethin'. Anyhow Mark knocked him down, which was the beginnin' of all this hazin' business. Bull got all his yearlin' gang after Mark. After that Mark did her 'nother favor, got her brother out of a terrible scrape. An' I think she's been mighty fond of him ever since."

"B'gee!" laughed Dewey. "This is real romantic. What makes you think so?"

"I've seen her hangin' roun' the hospital inquirin' fo' Mark. An' I can tell by the way she looks at him. I don't think she likes to see him so chummy with Grace."

"That's more romantic yet," chuckled Dewey. "Why don't Mark care for her?"

"You see," said Texas, "some o' the cadets, one of 'em a pretty decent feller, a friend o' Mark's, told him that she warden't—she warden't quite right. She's somethin' of a flirt, you know. I don't like girls that kind much myself an' I'm durnation sure Mark don't. He's kep' pretty shy o' her, an' I kinder think she's noticed it."

"Is she pretty?" inquired the other.

"She's mos' as pretty as Grace," responded Texas. "An' that's sayin' a deal. She's what you call a brunette—black hair an' eyes. There's some girls a feller feels are all right; he feels he's a better feller when he's with them. Grace Fuller's one of 'em. She's jes' the angel we call her. Then there's some that ain't, an' this girl's one of them."

"Quite a character analysis," laughed the other. "But I guess, b'gee, you're right, all the same. And speaking of unpleasant characters, there's that Bull Harris. We haven't heard from him for a long time."

"I reckon," said Texas, "Bull's been wantin' to see what the first class 'd do to Mark since he'd failed to haze him. I reckon the dirty ole rascal's right well satisfied now."

"You don't love him much," observed the other.

"Why should I? Ain't he tried every mean kid trick he could think of on Mark an' me too, dog gone his boots? He's all right to bully girls but when he tried Mark now, durnation he found he'd hit a snag. He's been doin' nothin' ever since but tryin' to get us into scrapes. An' I was thinkin' to day, 'tain't no lucky sign he's quiet. I jes' reckon he's plottin' some new durnation trick."

"I wish he'd come on with it," laughed Dewey. "Life is getting really monotonous the last two days since Mark's been in hospital. We've been having so many lively and interesting brushes with the cadets, b'gee, that I can't get along without some excitement at least every day."

"I reckon it'll come soon enough," observed Texas. "An' they say when you speak of angels they flap their wings. I wonder how 'bout devils. There's ole Bull Harris now, the third feller from the right in the front rank of A."

"And he's going out to salute the general," observed Dewey. "I wish we had another blood hound now so's we could put it on his trail the way we did once. B'gee, but he was mad!"

As the two had been talking the battalion had formed on the company ground; roll call had passed quickly and the cadet adjutant had turned the parade over to the charge of the tactical officer Lieutenant Allen. The latter's sharp commands had rung out a moment later and the firmly stepping lines had swung round and were now well on their way down the parade ground, at the other end of which stood the famous general and his staff.

It was an inspiring moment. The air seemed fairly to shake with the gay music of the band. The cadets uniforms and equipments were glittering in the sunlight, their banners waving on the breeze. They wheeled like so many splendid pieces of mechanism and in a few moments more were standing at present arms in one long line that extended the width of the field.

The officers brought their swords up to the salute and the spectators cheered, as a handsome figure rode out from the group of officers and cantered down the line. It was General Miles himself, a fine military

figure, striking and imposing. The cadets would have cheered him, too, if they could have.

During this interesting ceremony our two friends of the plebe class had gotten up and started on a run for the scene. They had been so much interested in their discussion of "Meg" Adams and Bull Harris that they had forgotten all about watching this. But by the time they got there the review was over, and the cadets had scattered once more. This time to prepare for the exhibition drill of the afternoon.

The two wandered about disconsolately after that, Texas growling at Dewey for having talked too much. And then suddenly the former stopped short and stared at his friend.

"I know what I'm going to do," he declared.

"What?"

"I'm a-goin' to see Mark."

"I thought they wouldn't let you in," laughed Dewey.

"I'm a-goin' all the same," vowed the other. "Durnation, ef they won't let me I'll make 'em. Jes' you watch me!"

And with that the impulsive Texan faced about and set out for the hospital in a hurry.

CHAPTER II.

TEXAS HAS AN INTERVIEW

Texas promised "fun" in the effort to see Mark did not, as it proved, materialize; because, whereas Texas had expected to be refused admittance and to raise a rumpus about it, he was allowed to enter and was escorted to Mark's room with all politeness.

"Durnation!" thought Texas, "I reckon he must be gittin' better."

This eventually proved to be the case; and Texas shrewdly guessed the reason for it as he approached the room and heard the sound of voices through the open door.

"With her to talk to," he muttered. "Durnation, anybody could get well."

Grace Fuller was sitting by the window, dressed in white, an angel of loveliness, as she appeared to Powers. She was reading aloud to Mark, but she stopped suddenly as Texas burst into the room. And a moment later the new comer had

seized his chum by his one well arm and was shaking it uproariously.

"Dog gone it, ole man!" he cried. "I kain't tell you how glad I am to see you. Durnation!"

"Take it easy," said Mark, smiling. "I've got better news still. They found that my shoulder was only dislocated; and I'll be out to-day."

Texas uttered a whoop that brought the attendants in on a run. He subsided after a threat of expulsion and sat down by the bedside and stared at Mark. It was still the same old Mark, handsome and sturdy, but just a little pale.

"Durnation man!" growled Texas, "you've got no idee how lonely things are 'thout you. There's nobody to lick the cadets, or anything."

"What's all the fuss I hear?" inquired Mark.

Texas explained to him what was happening; and went into ecstasies when he was told that Mark would be out to see that afternoon's drill. With just the same startling impulsiveness as that which had led him to pay his brief visit, Texas sprang up again and made for the door.

"Durnation!" he cried. "I'm a-goin' out to tell the fellers 'bout this. Whoop! See you later, Mark. I reckon you're in pretty good company."

Mark "reckoned" so too, and said so, as he laughed over his friend's hot-headed manner.

Texas in the meantime was bounding down the hall and out of the door of the building; he meant to turn up towards camp on a run, and he had even started up the street. But something happened just then that made him change his mind in a hurry. In the first place he heard some one call his name:

"Mr. Powers. Oh, Mr. Powers!"

It was in a sweet girlish voice, and "Mr. Powers" faced about with alacrity, to find himself, to his infinite surprise, face to face with Mary Adams, the girl he had not long ago been discussing.

"Durnation!" thought he, "what on earth's up?"

His surprise was the greater because he did not know the girl; he had never been introduced to her, and he wondered how she even knew his name. She was indeed a beautiful girl, with a full

rounded figure, deep black hair and eyes, and a complexion that was warm and red. There was a look of anxiety upon her face that the cadet did not fail to notice.

"Tell me," she cried; "Mr. Powers, how is he?"

"Why—why——" stammered Texas, adding, "Bless my soul!" after the fashion of his fat friend Indian, one of the seven. "He's all right. He'll be out this afternoon."

"I thought he was nearly killed," said the girl. "I have been so worried."

There was a brief silence after that, during which Texas shifted his feet in embarrassment.

"Tell me," she exclaimed, suddenly. "Do you—do you think he would like to see me?"

"Why, er—durnation!" stammered Texas. "To be sure. Why wouldn't he?"

The girl noticed his hesitating tone, and her dark eyes flashed as she spoke again.

"Answer me," she cried. "Is she there?"

"If by 'she,'" answered the other, "you mean Miss Fuller?"

"Yes, yes, I mean her!"

"Then she is," said Texas, defiantly.

He said that with a dogged, none-of-your-business sort of an air, though rather sheepishly for all that. The girl stared at him for a moment, and then to Texas' indescribable consternation and bewilderment, she buried her head in her hands and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"My Lord!" gasped the astounded plebe.

Poor Texas wasn't used to girls; the only things he knew of that cried were babies, and a baby he would have taken in his arms and rocked until it stopped. But he had an instinctive impression that that wouldn't do in this case. Beyond that he was at a loss.

"Bless my soul, Miss Adams!" he cried (No exclamation seemed to do quite so well as Indian's in that case) "Please don't do that! What on earth's the matter?"

Texas had a vague idea that some one might come that way any moment; and he wondered what the dickens that per-

son would think to look at them. Texas wished himself anywhere on earth but there just then.

In response to his embarrassed pleading, the girl finally looked up from her tears. And her eyes, red with weeping, gave her beautiful face a look of anguish that touched the Texan's big heart.

"Lord bless me!" said he. "Miss Adams, is there anything I can do?"

She looked at him for a moment and then she answered "Yes," and turned slowly down the street.

"Come," she said. "Mr. Powers, I want to talk to you."

Texas could not have disobeyed if he had wanted; the fact of the matter was that Texas was to be bewildered to have any wants. The true state of affairs had not dawned upon his unromantic mind.

The two hurried down the road toward Highland Falls, the cadet following meekly. They came almost to "cadet limits," to an old lonely road that turned off to the right. Up that the girl turned and when she was well out of sight of the main road, turned and faced her companion.

"Now," she said, "I will tell you. Oh, why is it you do not see?"

The look upon her face made Texas fear she was going to burst into tears again, and he shifted about uncomfortably.

And just then came the crash.

"Tell me, Mr. Powers," demanded the girl, with a suddenness that almost took the other's breath away, "Tell me, Mr. Powers, do you think he loves me?"

Texas started; he stared at the girl's anxious face; a sudden light breaking in upon him. And the girl gazed into his deep gray eyes and saw—she knew not what.

"Why—why——" stammered Texas.

"I have loved him," cried Mary Adams, pouring out her feelings, in a passionate flood of words. "Loved him as a man was never loved before! I have followed him about, I have watched him all day! Ever since he befriended me so that night when he saved my brother, I have thought of no one but him. He is so splendid and brave and handsome! He—never even looks at me!"

The girl's last words were said in a tone of anguish and despair, and she buried her head in her hands once more.

"It is all that other girl!" she continued, after a moment's pause. "He thinks of no one but her! Oh, how I hate her! He is with her all the time; he asked her to join that society——"

"How—how on earth did you know?" gasped Texas.

"Do you think I am blind?" cried the girl, fiercely. "Do you suppose I cannot see what Mark Mallory is doing. It is all that Grace Fuller—all! And, oh, what shall I do?"

In a perfect convulsion of sobbing the girl flung herself down upon the bank at the side of the road. And Texas stood and gazed at her in consternation and embarrassment, muttering "durnations" by the score, and vowing if the gods ever got him out of that most incomprehensible fix, he'd never look at a girl again. A dozen Comanches could not have inspired Texas with half the awe that this one passionate and beautiful creature did.

"Miss Adams," he said, at last, "I—I really don't think Mark knows how you regard him."

"I know it," sobbed the girl; "He doesn't! But I cannot tell him!"

A sudden and brilliant idea flashed across Texas' mind.

"I can!" he exclaimed. "I can. Durnation, an' I will."

The girl sprang to her feet and stared at him.

"No! no!" she cried, in horror. "What would——"

But Texas had already turned and was striding off in excitement.

"Durnation!" he muttered. "That's jes' the thing! I'll tell Mark fo' her, ef she kaint. An' anyhow, I couldn't keep a secret from Mark. Dog gone it, I'd have to ask his advice. This yere's a 'portant matter."

Texas heard Mary Adams crying out to him to come back, imploring him to listen to her. But Texas, once well out of that embarrassing fix and beyond the spell of the beautiful girl had no idea of returning to his uncomfortable position. And to his rough old heart there was no reason on earth why he should not tell Mark that Mary Adams was wildly in

love with him, had said so in fact. Who else ought to know it but Mark?

"An' durnation," muttered Texas, "ef she ain't got sense 'nough to tell him, I will."

So, deaf to the girl's entreaties, he left her to bemoan her fate alone and set out in hot haste for camp.

CHAPTER III.

A PLOT TO BEAT "THE GENERAL."

Now the adventures of Texas were wild and exciting, to him, anyway. But up at camp in the meantime another plebe was having adventures that fairly put Texas into the shade. The plebe was "Indian," and you may listen and judge for yourself of the adventures.

"Indian," was Master Joseph Smith of Indianapolis, whence came his nickname. Indian's only resemblance to his race was his redness; he had a most un-Indian like pug nose and two very fat rosy cheeks, with dimples.

This unfortunate lad was the butt of all the yearlings' humor. Whenever there was a plot afoot to have fun every one thought of him. For Indian was a gullible, credulous youth, believing devoutly everything that devil or man might tell him. He spent his life in mortal terror of death at the hands of the furious cadets, and in waddling around on his fat little legs to obey their savage commands.

Indian had been rather less credulous of late, but the yearlings were still anxiously watching for another chance to have some fun with him. The chance came that day.

Nelson A. Miles is a hero of a hundred fights, and as Major-General he commands the United States Army. The more they considered the importance of that mighty visitor, the more the yearlings began to think of that plan. There were a dozen of them got together that morning and swore they'd fool Indian or die in the effort.

Indian of course had seen the review and had been mightily impressed in his innocent soul. From the distance he had admired the military figure and imposing features of the great man. And then, filled with resolves to fight loyally under him and perhaps some day to be like him,

he had turned away and strolled solemnly back to camp.

He entered his tent, still in that serious, that really heroic mood. There was no one in the tent, and so Indian had it all alone for his meditations philosophical.

"Oh, what a fine thing it must be to be a great hero like that," he mused. "To gaze upon the world from a large, ethereal standpoint. (An ethereal standpoint would have made unsteady standing even for a hero; but Indian did not think of that). I can have no higher ambition in life than to imitate that man. As the poet has said:

'Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints——'

"Bless my soul!"

Indian had stopped his meditations with startling suddenness; and this was the reason thereof.

He had heard mysterious sounds in the Company B tent next door. It was a yearling tent. Two cadets had crept into it silently; and Indian heard one of them mutter a subdued "Ssh!"

Have you seen a pointer dog prick up his ears suddenly? That was the way Indian did.

"A plot?" said one of the yearlings. "A plot did you say? What is it? Tell me? I'll come in!"

"Ssh!" said the other. "Do you swear eternal secrecy, swear it by the bones of the saints?"

"I swear!" growled the other in a low, sepulchral voice. "Out with it!"

"All the fellows know," continued the other. "They'll all help. But not the plebes! Do you hear? Not a word to the plebes! If any plebe should hear he'd surely tell on us, and that would ruin us. He might do it, you know, for he'd get no end of reward. They might even promote him, make him a yearling."

Indian's little fat heart was bounding with delight. A plot! And he knew it! Ye gods! Bless my soul! He crept close to the wall of his tent, straining eyes and ears to listen, not to lose the faintest sound of this most important news.

"It must be something desperate," gasped the other.

"Yes, it is. Ssh! You'll nearly drop I know when I tell you. We're——"

Indian's eyes were like walnuts, half out of his head.

"We're going," continued the yearling, slowly, "We're going to beat the general!"

"Beat the general!" echoed the other. "By George, I'll help! I'm glad of it. I——"

Indian heard no more. With the stealth and cunning of one of his redskin ancestors he had risen from the tent floor, glancing about like a serpent rearing his glittering head from the grass. He rose; he crept to the tent door; and a moment later he was striding down the street as fast as his little legs could carry him.

So that was the plot! Those wicked and reckless cadets who had hazed him so much were now going to beat the general! The general could, of course, mean only one general, the great general. There was no general at West Point but Major-General Miles.

Indian never once stopped until he was well out of the camp, out of the enemies' hands. A man with so mighty a secret as that could afford to take no risks; he must lurk in the shadows until he saw his chance to reveal the whole daring conspiracy. Visions rose up before his delighted mind, visions of himself a hero like Mark, congratulated by all, even made a yearling as the cadets had hinted. Indian even imagined himself already as hazing the rest of the plebes.

These thoughts in his mind, he was suddenly startled by seeing two yearlings coming near. Were they after him? Indian trembled. Nearer and nearer. No, they had passed him. And then, once more, he heard the words:

"Yes, yes! We're going to beat the general!"

"What! Heavens, suppose some one should find it out."

That settled it. Indian sprang up boldly and strode away, determination in his very waddle. He knew! And he would tell!

At that moment Indian saw Cadet Fischer, a first classman, captain of Company A, crossing the parade ground. Surely, thought Indian, so high and responsible an officer as this had nothing to

do with the plot! Why not tell him? And so at him Indian made a dash.

"Mr. Fischer! Oh! Captain Fischer!"

The officer turned in surprise. Hailed by a common plebe!

"Mr. Fischer!" gasped Indian. "Bless my soul! I hear they're going to beat the general!"

"Yes," said the other. "In half an hour. But why——"

Good Heavens, he knew it too! And like a flash, the frightened plebe wheeled and dashed away. There was only one resource left now. He would tell the general himself!

Across the parade ground dashed Indian, panting, gasping. Down by the Headquarters Building, he saw a group of horses standing. One charger he recognized instantly. The general was inside the building, and a moment later a group of officers appeared in the doorway. The handsome, commanding figure in front. Indian's heart bounded for joy; and then suddenly the amazed General Miles was greeted by a gasping, excited cadet in plebe fatigue uniform.

"General, oh, general! Bless my soul!"

The officer stared at him.

"A plot!" panted Indian. "Oh, general, please don't go"—puff—"near the camp—bless my soul! A plot!"

"A plot!" echoed the other. "A plot! What do you mean?"

"They're going to hurt you—bless my soul!"

"Hurt me! Who?"

"The cadets, sir! Bless my soul, I—puff—heard them say, they were—puff—oh!—going to b-b-beat the general."

There was a moment of silence, then a perfect roar of laughter came from the staff officers. The general laughed too, for a moment, but when he saw the plebe's alarm and perplexity he stopped and gazed at him with a kindly expression. "My boy," he said, "you've been letting the yearlings fool you."

"Fool me!" echoed Indian in horror. "Bless my soul!—how?"

"Beating the general means," answered the officer, "beating the general assembly, which is a drum call."

The officers shook with laughter again, and as for poor Indian, he was thunder-struck. So he had been fooled again! So

he had let those mean cadets haze him once more! And—and——

Poor Indian's eyes began to fill with tears. And he choked down a great big sob. The old officer saw his look of misery.

"Do they fool you often that way, my boy?" he asked, sympathetically.

"Ye—yes!" answered Indian, at the verge of a weeping spell. "Ye—yes, th-they do. And I think it's real mean."

"So do I," said the general, smiling. "I tell you how we'll fix it. Don't you let on they succeeded."

"I can't help it," moaned Indian. "They know! L-look!"

With trembling finger he pointed across the street to where in the shadow of the sally port of the Academy stood a group of hilarious yearlings, fully half the class, wild with glee. The general shook his head as he looked, and poor Indian got out his handkerchief as a precaution.

"Too bad!" said the former. "Too bad, I declare! We'll have to turn that joke on them some how or other. Let me see. Let me see. How would you like it for me to help you get square, as you boys say?"

Indian gazed up at the stalwart and kindly form confidently; he was all smiles in a moment.

"I'll tell you," said the general at last, "you and I'll take a walk. And when they see you with me, they'll be sorry they sent you. Come on."

He took the arm of the delighted Indian, who was scarcely able to realize the extent of his good fortune.

"You'll excuse me a short while, gentlemen," said General Miles to his military staff. "I'll return shortly. And now," to Indian, "where shall we go? I guess I'll let you show me about camp."

And sure enough, pinching himself to make sure if he really were awake, Indian, on the arm of the mighty guest of West Point, commander of Uncle Sam's whole army, marched away up the road past the parade ground and all through Camp McPherson.

The general was enjoying the joke hugely, but he effected not to notice it, and plied the plebe with questions.

Why did the yearlings haze him so much? Was he B. J.? Oh, it was because

he was a friend of Mark Mallory's, was it! General Miles had heard of Mark Mallory. He was the plebe who had saved the life of the general's friend, Judge Fuller's daughter. A beautiful girl that! And a splendid act! Indian had seen it, had he? Colonel Harvey had described it to the general. The general would like to meet Mark Mallory. No, he was not joking; he really would. Mr. Mallory was in hospital, was he? Too bad! Had been too B. J., had he? The general liked B. J. plebes. He hoped Mark was not badly hurt. And——

Then suddenly the conversation was interrupted by a cry of joy from Indian.

"There's Mark now! He's out of hospital!"

"That handsome lad down the street there?" inquired the general, "Let us go down by all means."

A moment later, Mark, to his great amazement, was confronted by the curiously contrasted pair. Indian was beaming like a sunflower.

"Mr. Mallory," he said, with a flourish, "allow me to present my friend, General Miles."

Mark bowed, and the general took the hand he held out.

"Mr. Mallory," he said, "I am proud to meet you. I have heard of what you have done. The service needs such men as you."

And the whole corps heard him say so, too. The general had been very careful to say those words in a loud and clear voice that made the camp ring. Then he turned and spoke to an orderly who was passing.

"Tell my staff to ride up here for me," he said, and added, turning to the two radiant plebes: "Now, my young friends, I must ask you to excuse me. I am very pleased to have met you both. Good-morning, Mr. Simth, and Mr. Mallory."

With which he turned and strode away up the street again, smiling at the recollection of the incident. And Mark stood and stared at his grinning friend Indian.

"Well," said he, "you blessed idiot, you certainly do beat the Dutch!"

And then he turned and went into the tent.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH "BULL" FINDS AN ALLY.

"For Heaven's sake, man, you don't mean this for a fact, do you!"

It was Mark Mallory who spoke; he sat alone in his tent with Texas late that evening, and Texas was telling him the story of Meg Adams and what she had done during the day.

"And did she tell you to tell me this?" Mark continued, in amazement.

"No," said Texas; "durnation, she didn't want me to a bit. I couldn't make her out 't all. She wanted you to know it, but she didn't want me to tell it."

"I'm afraid," laughed the other, "that you haven't a very delicate sense of propriety. I'm afraid you're no ladies' man, Texas."

"That's all right," answered Texas. "I think I managed this yere affair right well. Now, what I want to know is, what you goin' to do 'bout it?"

"That's just what I want to know," said his friend. "I'm as puzzled as you. Why, I hadn't the least idea the poor girl felt that way about me."

"Don't you care for her?"

"Why, of course, man. I like her well enough, from what I know of her. But I don't want any of that sickly, sentimental love business in mine, and especially about a girl like her. I'm afraid of her, and I don't know what on earth to say to her. I wish to gracious, old man, you hadn't said a word to me about it."

Texas gazed at Mark with a grieved expression. That was a nice thing to say to a man who was just priding himself on having managed a delicate affair so nicely. And Texas rose to his feet.

"Well," said he, "I'm sorry you don't like it. Durnation, ef that's all I git, I'll keep out of it."

With which he bounced out of the tent and strode away. Mark also left the tent for a walk a moment later, still thinking.

The girl was sincere, that was certain, in her wild passion. And he knew it all, and so did she. The question was, what could Mark do without hurting her feelings. She was wildly jealous of Grace. Now Mark had not the remotest idea of dropping Grace Fuller, his "angel"; he did not like even to think of her in connection with this girl. He knew in his

heart it would be best to let Mary Adams alone from this time on. But what would she think then?

Mark was weighing this question as he went. He was not noticing, meanwhile, where he was going. It was within half an hour or so of tattoo he knew, and a dark cloudy night. He had taken the path down through "Flirtation Walk," heeding no one; he had strolled to the other end, and turned to retrace his steps when suddenly he halted in surprise. A dark figure was hurrying past him, and as he gazed at it and recognized it, he exclaimed aloud:

"Miss Adams!" he cried. "You here!"

The girl turned and faced him, pushing aside the shawl she wore and disclosing her face in all its passionate beauty.

"Mr. Mallory!" she cried, in just as much surprise; and then gazed at him trembling.

"Miss Adams," said Mark, quietly, after a moment's thought. "I want to have a talk with you, if you please. May I?"

"Yes," she cried. "Yes, but not here. I want to see you alone."

She turned, and Mark followed her, almost having to run to keep up with the girl's excited pace. They descended the hill at the end of the path, and then on they went almost to the Hudson's shore. It was a dark, deserted spot, and there the girl halted. Mark stopped too, and she turned about and gazed at him.

"Now, then," said she.

Mark said nothing at first; he was watching her features, admiring them and at the same time wondering at the emotion they showed. Her cheeks were red as fire before his gaze.

"Mr. Powers has told you all?" she demanded at last. "He has; I can see it!"

Mark started as he noticed the tone of her voice; he had never heard her speak that way before. Usually her voice was soft and melodious, a voice with a hidden musical charm. Now it was cold and harsh, and Mark knew at once what that meant.

The girl was angry already. She saw that he was about to cast her aside, after all her passionate humiliating confession. And she was putting a bold, brazen front upon it.

"I can see!" she cried, suddenly. "I can see it all in your face. You do not care for me!"

"Miss Adams," he began, quietly; the girl shook her head impatiently.

"Call me Meg!" she exclaimed. "Call me Meg and be done with it. They all do."

Mark was puzzled. He did not wish to call her Meg, he did not wish to indicate any familiarity. He saw on the other hand that to refuse would be to cut her to the quick; but he chose the latter course.

"I shall call you Miss Adams," he said, decisively. "And I want to explain to you——"

The girl stamped her foot upon the ground.

"There is no need for you to explain!" she cried. "I know! I know it all, oh merciful heaven! I have watched you, followed you, dreamed of you, thought of you. I have flung myself at your feet, and in your heartlessness you have walked away. I have worshipped you, and you have flung me off."

As she spoke, the girl had been striding about the spot. As she finished she bowed her head and broke into a passion of tears.

"But, Miss Adams," expostulated Mark. "You will not let me explain."

"Explain!" The girl raised her head and tossed her dark hair in anger, while her eyes flashed. "I do not want you to explain! Your explanations are simply honeyed words to hide the facts. I know the facts. You want to tell me why. I know why! It is because of her, of her! You love her, and you have no use for me. And I cannot live without you. I do not want to. I hate her, the yellow-haired creature. And I hate you! Yes, I hate you! You have treated me as if I were a puppet, as if I had no right to live. And I do not want to live. I have no use for life. I wish I were dead!"

The girl had raised her hands to the sky, a wierd figure; she gazed about her despairingly as she finished.

"I wish I were dead!" she cried, again.

The wind whistled through the lonely trees as she spoke, and made a strange accompaniment to her impassioned voice. A steamboat, plying the river, was softly churning little waves that lapped against

the shore and made a low, gurgling sound upon the rocks. The girl gazed over the steep, dark bank as she cried out in her wretchedness, and the next instant she sprang forward.

The thought had flashed over Mark at the same moment. He saw the girl move, and seized her. She turned upon him with the fury of a tiger, a tiger she was, with all a tiger's passions. For a moment they struggled and wrestled, the girl crying out all the time. And then she tore herself loose with one mighty effort (Mark had only one free hand) and lunged down, down into the darkness.

Mark heard a splash and a gurgle of the black invisible waters. And then all was silent as the grave.

Mark Mallory hesitated, hesitated for the first time in his life. One arm was bound tight in a sling and helpless. He was weak and faint yet from his maltreatment. Still he could not see her die without trying to save her. His hesitation gone, he took a step forward, but he was too late.

There was a quick noise behind him; he heard the word "coward!" hissed in his ear, and a white figure shot past him and dived out into the darkness.

Mark gasped with relief; and quick to act, he turned, and helplessly though he was, clambered down around the side to reach the spot. He heard sounds of a struggle out beyond him; he heard some whispered words, and a moment later the figure of the rescuer rose out of the water and confronted him, bearing the girl in his arms.

It was Bull Harris!

Mark started back instinctively; and Bull sneered as he saw it.

"Coward!" he repeated. "Coward! The corps shall know of this!"

Mark knew that expostulation and explanation were useless and unnecessary. He said not a word, but saw the girl safely brought to shore. And then, sad and heavy at heart, he turned and walked back toward the camp.

Bull Harris stayed, to reap the fruit of his labors. He held the half-fainting, half hysterical girl in his arms and wiped her straying hair from her face and sought to calm her. He seemed to like his task, for when he was better he made no move to stop.

"Did he push you over?" inquired Bull, insinuatingly.

"No," cried the girl, with fierceness. "He did not. But I hate him!"

"You might say he did then!" the yearling whispered softly.

Mary Adams glanced at him with a sharp look.

"I might," she said, "if I chose. And I may. What's that to you?"

"To me!" cried Bull clinching the girl's hand in his until she cried out.

"To me! I hate him! I could kill him!"

"You were rude to me once," she muttered.

"Yes," exclaimed Bull. "I was. You liked him, and I hated you for it."

That was a lie, but the girl did not choose, for some reason, to say so.

"Come," she said, striving to arise. "Help me home."

"One moment!" cried Bull, holding her back. "Promise me one thing, one thing before you go. And swear it."

"What is it?"

"I know the whole story, Meg," he said. "I know how he has treated you, how he has cast you off, made a puppet of you, and all for that Grace Fuller! You say you hate him. So do I. Promise me, promise me to be revenged if you have to die for it."

"I will!" cried she, furiously.

"Will you give me your hand on it?"

"I will."

Bull took her home that night, though he was in no hurry about it. He came in after taps, for he thought it would do him good to hand in his explanation that he had been saving a girl's life, and restoring her to consciousness. A girl; perhaps a girl upon whom murder had been attempted.

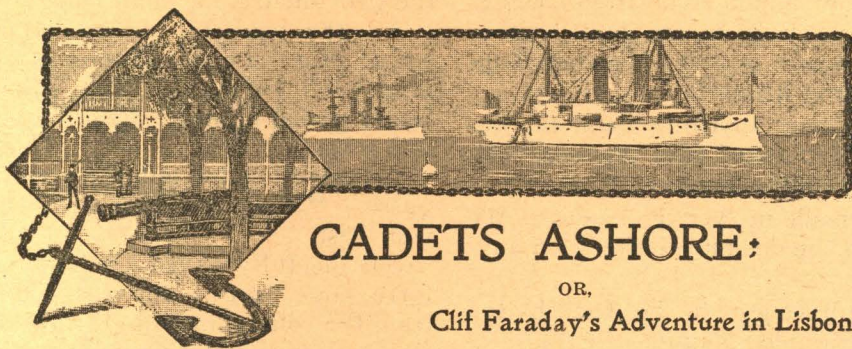
He evaded all details, however, and went to his tent chuckling triumphantly at his evil work that night.

He had laid a foundation for trouble, but would success follow?

Only the future could tell.

[THE END.]

Lieutenant Frederick Garrison's next West Point novelette will be entitled, "A Friend in Need, or, Mark Mallory's Close Call." No. 23 Army and Navy.



CADETS' ASHORE:

OR,

Clif Faraday's Adventure in Lisbon.

By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.

CHAPTER I.

DIVING FOR PENNIES AND BRACELETS.

"There goes the little begger again."

"What a clean dive."

"Yes; he is grace itself. But say, Clif —"

"He's got it. Hurray! He catch dime plenty well. Hi! here another"

"You are getting mighty liberal with your money, Trolley."

"I no care. It worth dollar to see diving like that. Hi! you little boy, here some more."

A group of naval cadets were leaning over the port railing on the forecastle of the United States Naval Academy practice ship *Monongahela*.

It was shortly after quarters on a Saturday morning, and the trim old frigate was riding easily at anchor in the Tagus River just off the main landing dock of Lisbon, Portugal.

After a rather eventful voyage from Annapolis she had finally arrived in port, and the one hundred and sixty odd cadets on board—members of the first, third and fourth classes, with a few "May" plebes—were waiting eagerly for the time when they could have a run ashore.

The necessary formalities of port inspection had been gone through with, and the ship was in gala attire aloft and alow in anticipation of the visit always paid an American vessel by the youth and beauty of quaint old Lisbon.

Boats filled with merry parties were coming from the dock even now, and the appearance of many pretty girls in them was beginning to take the cadets' attention away from a previous attraction.

That attraction was the diving of a number of native boys after coins thrown from the ship. Alongside were half a dozen small and rickety boats occupied by the agile young divers.

They were continually importuning the cadets to toss bits of silver or copper money into the water.

One, a lithe, clean-limbed lad of about sixteen, was the leader of the party, and it was his clever diving which had wrung the words of admiration from Trolley, given at the commencement of this chapter.

Trolley, by the way, was a Japanese youth who had been received as a naval cadet by the United States Government at the request of Japan. His name, Motohiko Asaki, was speedily converted into the more American appellation of "Trolley" by his versatile brother cadets.

Near him on the forecastle stood a sturdy, handsome lad with curly brown hair and a singularly winning face. This well favored youth was Clifford Faraday, whose doings have formed the subject for these true tales of naval cadet life.

Grouped about Clif are others of whom the reader may have heard. Joy, sad of face, but with a nature ever sparkling; Nanny Gote, the smallest plebe of the class, whose one aim in life is to admire and emulate his warm friend, Clif; Toggles, a steadfast, intelligent lad, well-liked by all; and Grat Wallace, whose happy, sunny nature had made him a favorite among even the upper class cadets.

There were others, too, standing on the forecastle, members of the plebe class, but not friends of Clif. But they will be introduced in due season.

The diversion of watching the divers began to grow monotonous after a while.

"The little beggars are pretty good, but their act palls on one," yawned Toggles, stretching his arms.

"Did you hear anything about the liberty list, Clif?" asked Grat Wallace, with a yearning glance ashore.

"It isn't made up yet, I believe. We won't touch the dock until afternoon anyway."

"And we have got to be back by ten o'clock," grumbled Nanny.

"Always kicking, always finding trouble," sighed Joy, with a doleful shake of the head. "Why can't you be peaceable and contented like me, youngster? It's painful to a man of meek and lowly spirit to see such contention and strife. If you don't like the way they conduct liberty on this ship why don't you knock the blooming head off the executive officer? Act with due humility and beat the face off the captain."

The others laughed. They undertood Joy.

"I say, Clif, look there," suddenly spoke up Trolley. "Here comes what you call peach."

He nodded his head toward a couple of young ladies who were approaching from aft. They had formed part of a visiting party from shore and were strolling about the deck intent on inspecting the ship after their own fashion.

Both were very pretty, but one, a tall and rather willowy brunette, was particularly handsome. A wealth of lustrous black hair fell to her shoulders; her eyes were large and sparkling; and her lips, half parted, showed two rows of regular pearly teeth.

She was smiling at something her companion had said as they neared the group of plebes, and the boys fairly gasped at her loveliness.

Clif eyed her furtively, his heart beating more rapidly than usual. His expressive countenance proclaimed his strong admiration, and that must have been the reason why the fair girl blushed slightly as she met his ardent gaze.

The girls stopped at the forecastle railing and looked over at the diver boys below.

They laughed, and one—the lovelier of the two—held up a small coin.

All the youthful divers prepared to spring into the water as soon as the bit of money left her hand. The lithe young leader poised himself upon the very edge of his boat.

"Ready!" called out the girl in Portuguese. "It is a hundred reis piece, so do your best."

She gleefully waved her hand back and forth, then, just as she was about to release the coin, something bright and glittering slipped from her wrist and fell into the water.

It was a bracelet.

A little scream came from the girl, there was a commotion among the group of plebes, then one was seen to vault lightly over the rail and strike the water in a neat dive.

It was Clif Faraday!

CHAPTER II.

JUANITA WINDOM.

In an instant there was great excitement on board the practice ship. The loud splash was heard fore and aft, and a rush was made for that side.

Some one raised a cry of "Man overboard!"

The officer of the deck sprang upon the gangway with a life preserver, and the crew detailed to the life-boat ran to their stations at the boatfalls.

And in the meantime the cause of all this commotion was experiencing a rather peculiar adventure.

Clif possessed to a remarkable degree the power of quick decision and action in cases of emergency. He seldom required more than a few seconds to make up his mind.

In the present case he was upon the rail and preparing to dive almost before the bracelet had touched the water. With all his promptness, he was not alone however.

The young Portuguese boy—the chief spirit among the youthful divers—had also seen the flash of metal.

To him it meant a coveted reward, and his brown heels twinkled in the air just a second after Clif's body left the top of the forecastle rail.

The two went under the water together.

Clif's eyes opened after he vanished below the surface. He saw, glittering below him, the bespangled bracelet. And he also saw the dark shadow cast by his antagonist.

Of the two the native lad was probably more at home in the water, but Faraday had a store of determination and grit which made up for it.

As soon as he espied the youngster he realized the true state of affairs, and he sent his feet up with a spurt that shot him toward the glittering bauble.

It was a race beneath the surface of the old Tagus.

The Portuguese boy had as an incentive two things. One was the hope of a pecuniary reward, and the other an overwhelming desire to defeat this insolent visitor from a foreign country who dared to try his skill against a native diver of Lisbon.

As for Clif, what was his incentive?

A smile, that was all.

The bottom of the Tagus is easily reached by a few vigorous strokes. The bracelet had settled upon the bottom where it glittered and gleamed as if mocking the two lads.

Clif, by his spurt, had obtained a slight advantage, but he suddenly felt himself grasped about the waist.

He was just in the act of reaching for the bracelet when the interruption came.

The touch of the Portuguese lad's hand acted like a spur upon him, and he made a desperate clutch downward.

His fingers closed over the bit of jewelry, then with a wriggle and a savage kick he freed himself and shot toward the surface.

As he rose, gasping and spluttering, his rival was close beside him. Through the water streaming from his hair Clif caught sight of the boy's face, and he marveled at the intensity of hatred it expressed.

"I pay you for dis!" almost screamed the Portuguese. "You come ashore and I kill you. Dog of a Yankee, you hear from Pedro! You see."

"Calm yourself, my friend," drawled Clif, coolly, as he struck out for the

gangway. "Don't get excited; it is bad for the health. Ta! ta!"

Pedro swam to his little boat and crouched sullenly in the stern. His companions crowded around him and chattered like so many monkeys, but he waved them off and watched with burning eyes the progress of the American lad toward the gangway ladder.

A loud cheer burst from the plebes on the forecabin as Clif held up the bracelet. The two pretty girls clapped their hands, and the one who had dropped the piece of jewelry seemed overwhelmed with confusion.

When Clif reached the deck he found both the first lieutenant and the officer of the watch awaiting him.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Faraday?" demanded the former, peremptorily.

Clif held up the bracelet, and replied quietly:

"A young lady visiting the ship dropped this overboard, sir."

The officers were compelled to smile.

"And you dived for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which young lady was it?"

Faraday turned and indicated the owner of the bracelet who was walking aft with her companion.

"Jove! I don't blame the young rascal," muttered the first lieutenant. "She's a beauty."

Extending his hand, he added, aloud:

"It was a gallant act, Mr. Faraday, and it does you credit, but it probably would have been better if you had left the job to one of those boy divers. I will return the bracelet to the young lady."

But Clif hung back.

"Want the pleasure yourself, eh?" laughed Lieutenant Watson. "Well, you deserve it."

That was Clif's opinion also, and he lost no time in claiming his reward. He did not present a very prepossessing appearance in his dripping uniform, but he held his head jauntily and advanced to meet the girl.

His fear that she spoke only Portuguese was speedily dissipated. Extending her hands impulsively, she exclaimed with an accent which added to the charm of her silvery voice:

"Oh, how can I thank you for your kindness, senhor? You have dared so much to save my poor bracelet. It was so good of you."

"I am amply repaid," replied Clif, gallantly. Then he added, with a smile: "You must pardon my rather moist appearance. The water was not altogether dry."

"We will not keep you," said the girl, hurriedly. "You should change your clothing."

As Clif bowed and started to walk away, she blushed slightly and said:

"My parents will consider it a pleasure if you should call upon them. My name," she extended a neat card, "and address. Can we not hope to see you soon?"

"I will be pleased to call when I go shore," replied the handsome young cadet. "Until then—good-by."

As he walked forward he saw a stockily-built plebe standing near the spot where the conversation had taken place.

The fellow was not unattractive in appearance, but there was an air of petulance about him which plainly proclaimed the "spoiled child." His face also indicated a previous fast life, and it wore a peculiarly offensive sneer as his eyes met Clif's.

"So Judson Greene has been listening, eh?" thought the latter as he walked past. "He don't look particularly pleased. Jealous, I suppose."

He glanced at the bit of pasteboard in his hand and read:

Juanita Windom,
Ruo Ferdinand No. 78.

"Windom?" he muttered. "Why, that's an English name. Her father must be either English or American. That accounts for her excellent command of the language. This is getting more interesting."

His thoughts were interrupted by a shout, and he found himself surrounded by his friends. They were all laughing gayly except Joy, whose funereal cast of countenance seemed to have increased.

"Hi, Clif," cried Trolley, slapping him upon the back, "by Jim, you great hero. Hurray! you save bracelet and win beautiful girl in Lisbon. You one dandy."

"Slowly there, Trolley," laughed Clif; "I don't see where I have won a girl."

"She likes you; I saw her blush," put in Nanny Gote. "Just you wait, Clif Faraday. I'll tell Tess Herndon back in Annapolis all about this affair. I'd be ashamed of myself if I were you."

"That's straight," chuckled Grat Wallace. "He's getting to be a regular masher. He's not content to keep the upper classes guessing about hazing, and saving torpedo boats at sea, and such little things, but he needs must——"

He dodged to escape a blow from Clif's hand, and darted in high glee to the fore-castle.

"Better go down and get those wet duds off," advised Toggles. "You'll look better."

"Clif Faraday what is the matter with that diver boy?" demanded Joy solemnly. "He's looking at this ship as if he would like to eat it."

Clif glanced out through the nearest port. Pedro was still crouched in the stern of his little boat.

He gave a howl of anger on catching sight of Faraday, and added with a choice collection of Portuguese epithets:

"Wait till I catch you on shore. I fix you. I make you sorry you dive. You see, dog of a Yankee."

"He seems excited," observed Clif, calmly. "His mind must have given way under the strain, poor fellow——"

Nanny stooped and snatched up a wet swab. Flung with unerring aim, it caught the vociferous lad in the face and bowled him over with neatness and dispatch.

A laugh greeted the shot. It was followed by cries of rage from the half-dozen diver boys in their little boats alongside the ship.

Pedro, the leader, gave a signal, and the flotilla paddled toward the dock. Clif went below to change his clothing, after a last glance in Juanita Windom's direction, and the episode was closed save for one thing.

Standing near one of the open ports was the plebe Clif had called Judson Greene. With him was another cadet of about his own age and equally marked with the signs of dissipation.

"Did you see that Portuguese, Spendly?" asked Judson, in an eager voice.

"Yes."

"Hear what he said?"

"He threatened Faraday."

"Yes. Well, there's a chance for us, I think."

"What do you mean?"

"You hate Faraday?"

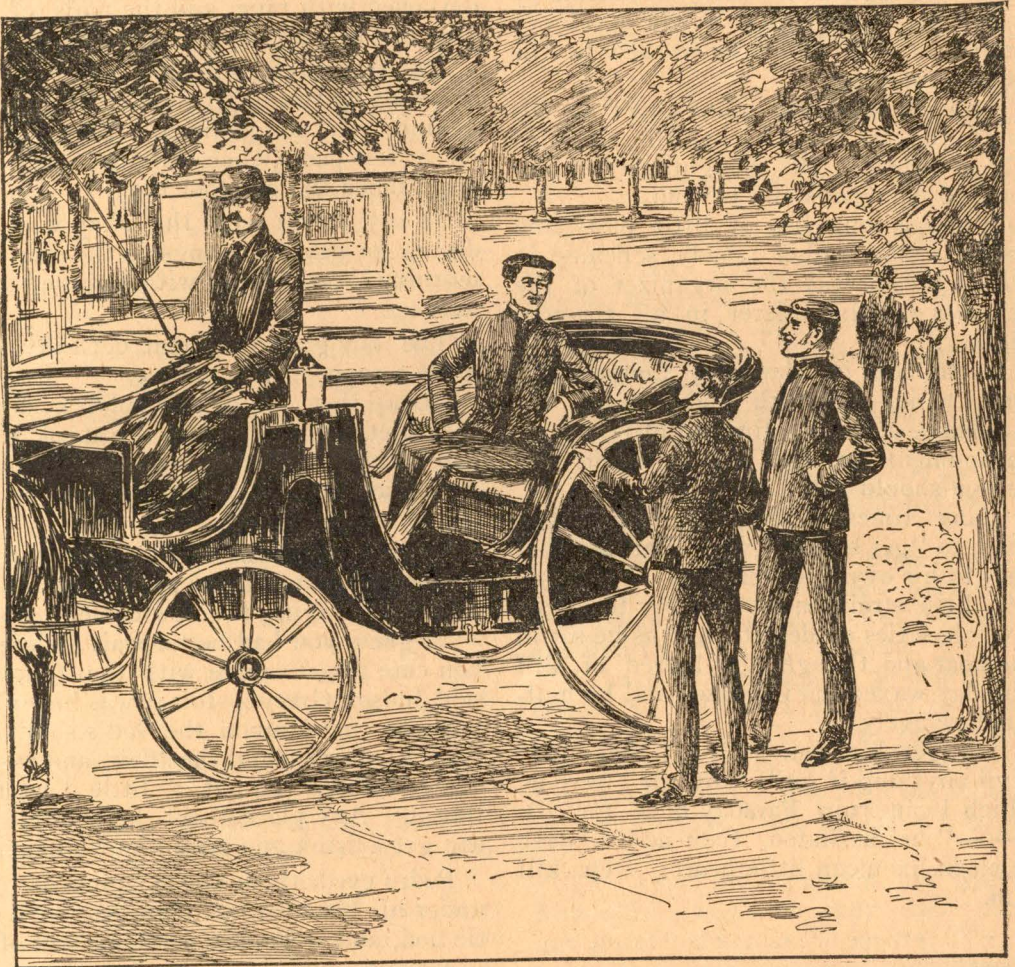
"Like poison."

"So do I. Like two poisons. We'll go

the whole crew does not go ashore, but only a watch, or part of a watch.

The liberty party from the old Monongahela was composed of one-half of the port watch, and the forty-odd cadets composing it glanced back in gleeful triumph at their less fortunate mates, who were watching their progress with lugubrious faces from the forward deck.

Conspicuous among the latter were Gratt Wallace and Trolley, neither of



"TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES AND DON'T GET INTO ANY SCRAPES," SAID FARADAY, AS HE PREPARED TO DRIVE OFF (page 1027).

ashore and see if we can't use that fellow, Pedro, to help us get square."

An hour later word was passed that the liberty party would leave for shore at once.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONSPIRACY.

When liberty is given on a man-of-war

whom were members of that half of the port watch.

They were doubly sorry that their names had not been included. They regretted that they were not going ashore and also that Clif, whom they liked and admired more than words could tell, would not be able to go with them on the morrow.

For Clif was in one of the boats speed-

ing ashore, and naval cadets on a practice cruise are not permitted liberty two days in succession.

With Cliff in the leading cutter were Joy and Nanny. And in the following whaleboat were two other plebes with whom this story will deal — Judson Greene and Chris Spendly.

Judson was very thoughtful on the way to the beach. He replied only in monosyllables to the chatter of his crony. He was evolving in his mind a scheme by which the boy Pedro's newly developed hatred of Cliff could be worked to the latter's undoing.

And he was also going over in his mind the reasons why he, himself hated Cliff so bitterly. The thoughts carried him back to Annapolis and beyond.

It was a long list of little plots and conflicts and rather shady schemes in which Judson was the organizer of the schemes and the sufferer in all the conflicts.

It started in Hartford, Connecticut, from which city both had entered the Academy, and it continued until the present moment, did this list of reasons why Judson should hate Cliff.

Many times before, the former had tried to "get square" with Faraday, but only to his own discomfiture. It required very little strain on his memory to recall a whole series of defeats, and as he sat in the boat and thought, his hatred of Cliff Faraday waxed and increased and he muttered savagely:

"I'll get him yet. I'll pay that little devil anything if he'll show me a way by which I can ruin Faraday once for all, or——" he hesitated, then added, deep down in his mean little heart: "Or kill him."

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When the cadets landed at the main dock they found a crowd of idlers gathered there, possibly attracted by the rumor that a number of American naval cadets would pay a visit ashore.

Curious spectators, beggars, small boys, boatmen, and all that go to make up the water-front population of a city like Lisbon thronged the street outside the gate and made complimentary and other remarks as the boys passed from the dock.

In the background, partially concealed behind a group of spectators was a lean, brown-skinned boy with shifty, furtive eyes and a shock of black hair.

He was clad only in a light shirt and trousers, both of which showed signs of recent contact with water. As the naval cadets tramped past he watched them eagerly until three walking together and laughing merrily came into view.

Then his little eyes contracted, his face darkened with rage, and the nails of his clinched fists bit deep into the flesh.

He drew back, but not before he was observed by two cadets who had loitered behind their companions. They walked on a few paces, then dropped back and approached the barefoot boy.

"I say, aren't you the chap who was diving for pennies alongside the ship this morning?" asked one with assumed carelessness.

The boy glared at them defiantly, and made a reply in Portuguese.

"Drop that lingo," sharply exclaimed the cadet. "I know you can speak English because I heard you. Your name is Pedro, and you were defeated in a dive by one of our fellows."

Pedro made an inarticulate sound in his throat and moved away as if with the intention of leaving the new-comers.

"I guess you had better wait awhile if you care to get square with that fellow," said Judson Greene—for it was he—placing one hand upon the lad's shoulder. "We know all about the affair, and we are ashore to help you out a little if we feel like it. Any place about here where we can get a drink and have a quiet chat?"

Pedro eyed them for a moment from under his black brows, then he gave a little nod, and without a word, trotted off.

A brief period later the three precious rascals, Judson Greene, Chris Spendly and Pedro were busily talking in the back room of a low fonda, or drinking resort, on one of the side streets leading from the water front.

In the meantime the rest of the liberty party was merrily proceeding toward the centre of the city, attracting favorable greetings from shop-keepers, and glances of admiration from the pretty girls along the way, for the American naval cadet

ashore is both liberal with his money and gallant in his personal appearance.

Clif Faraday, Joy and Nanny were walking together and their hearts were light within them.

Three weeks on board ship with tumbling decks, close quarters and stormy winds made good dry land very attractive.

Joy alone looked gloomy. He was a human paradox. When his spirits were lightest his face showed the deepest depression.

"It's worth while spending a long time at sea to get such an appreciation of Mother Earth," laughed Clif, executing the first steps of a hornpipe. "Eh, Joy, old boy?"

"Oh, I don't know; there are other pleasures," sighed the lanky plebe. "And this isn't such a great place after all. It looks nice enough from the ship, but——"

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," quoted Nanny, sagely. "You are right there. These houses that seemed so pretty with their different colors are not so much after all. The most of them are simply baked mud whitewashed or bluewashed or greenwashed, as the case may be. And look at the streets. Humph! they aren't as wide as an alley at home."

"I am sorry you boys are not pleased with the state of affairs," said Clif, gayly. "I'll see the king and have things attended to. There is one thing you must acknowledge though—the girls are handsome."

"You noticed that quick enough," sniffed Nanny, who had rather a contempt for the opposite sex. "You got a girl in Annapolis before you'd been there two days, and you picked up another here before the anchor chain had finished rattling through the hawse-pipes. It's a wonder you didn't run across a couple of durned mermaids on the way over."

Clif laughed.

"How can I help it, kidlets?" he replied, with a wink at Joy. "Don't I try to keep the girls off? But they will fly to me like—like——"

"Niggers to a watermelon patch," suggested Joy, gravely.

By this time the cadets had reached one of the main thoroughfares. As usual

in such cases, they paired off and went in different directions.

Clif and his two chums remained together.

"We will take a look at the town and then I'll leave you for a while," announced the former.

"Going to call on Miss Juanita Windom, I suppose?" said Joy.

"Yes."

"I think you might stay with us instead of chasing after a girl you never saw until this morning," complained Nanny.

"I am not due there until four," laughed Clif. "It's now one, and we will have almost three hours in which to do the city. What more do you want, youngster?"

Nanny was compelled to acknowledge contentment, and the trio of friends strolled about the streets and visited the great cathedral, and conducted themselves much as boys do under similar circumstances.

At half-past three Clif called a carriage in front of the Praca do Dom Pedro, the principal square of Lisbon, and gave the driver a card upon which he had written Miss Windom's address.

"I'll meet you at six or thereabouts on the dock, chums," he called back to Joy and Nanny. "Take care of yourselves and don't get into any scrapes."

"I have a contract to punch Judson Greene's head if I run across him," growled Joy. "He's ashore, you know."

"Yes. I saw him. But don't waste any time getting into a row with the fellow," replied Faraday. "He isn't worth it. Ta! ta!"

They stood for a moment, and watched him whirl away then they sadly turned and sauntered across the square.

If either had continued watching the carriage a trifle longer they might have seen something rather surprising.

While the vehicle was rumbling past the northern corner of the plaza, a lithe, brown-limbed, barefooted boy darted from behind a group of chattering beggars and swung on behind the carriage.

CHAPTER IV.

AND THEN SILENCE!

The top was down, but Clif was too

engrossed in thought to discover the fellow. On went the conveyance through the miserably paved streets, on past churches and stores and residences, and away from the main portion of the city to a quiet, highly respectable suburb where the houses rested in detached grounds abloom with a wealth of semi-tropical verdure.

When the carriage finally slackened up a short distance from a pretty villa, the unbidden passenger was still swinging behind, but he leaped nimbly to the ground and darted into the shadow of a tree in time to escape notice.

The driver placidly overcharged Clif four-fold, and drove away, leaving the cadet to enter the grounds, where he received a hearty and blushing welcome from Juanita and her friend.

An hour later another carriage entered the street. It was of the same class as the first, but the box was occupied by a stalwart, black-browed native with a scowling face.

He drove slowly through the street, then turned back again, as if awaiting a call.

Time passed; the sun touched the western hills and disappeared, and the mist of an early twilight gathered over the city. A distant clock sounded the hour of six. From the great cathedral came a mellow chiming of bells, followed by a discordant clatter from some less favored church.

Suddenly the ornamented gate in front of the Windom villa opened and Clif emerged, gallantly lifting his naval cap to those inside.

He glanced hastily at his watch, then with a half suppressed exclamation of surprise, looked about for a conveyance.

The carriage which had been loitering in the vicinity was coming briskly toward him. He hailed it, leaped inside, and was soon leaving the vicinity.

While passing a near-by corner Clif chanced to look over toward a barefoot lad standing under a wall lamp.

"Gorry! it's that little begger, Pedro," he muttered. "What's he doing out here, I wonder? Guess he saw me from the expression on his face."

He fell to musing over the diving episode of the morning. From that to his

extremely pleasant afternoon with Juanita was but a step, and Pedro's scowling face speedily gave way to the beautiful, attractive countenance of the girl.

It was growing dark very rapidly.

The carriage rattled along over the rough cobbles and through streets entirely unfamiliar to the young cadet.

Presently it drew up with a jerk and Clif, aroused from a reverie, looked about him. He saw the facade of a large church on one side, and a small garden, inclosed by an iron railing, on the other.

It was high ground and through the trees of the park could be seen the spires of a number of chapels in the lower part of the city.

The street was apparently deserted, but lights here and there indicated the presence of inhabited residences.

Clif looked questioningly at the driver.

"Why did you stop here?" he asked at a venture.

"Me wanta show you fine view, senhor," replied the man, respectfully.

"View? I don't care to see any view. Drive on; I want to reach the dock at once."

"But, senhor, it take you one minute. It ver' fine view. All visitor come here at this time night. It no good any other time. You likea it ver' much. You no regret."

Clif liked nature, especially in the shape of picturesque scenery. He knew that he would be late in meeting his chums, but he could not resist the temptation.

"Hurry up, then," he said, springing from the carriage.

He did not see the triumphant gleam in the driver's eyes as the fellow prepared to follow him, nor would he have understood the meaning if he had. Suspicion of evil was very far from Clif's mind just then.

The horses were drawn up to the side of the street and left standing. As Clif and the driver entered the little park, which seemed untenanted, a brown-limbed lad, lithe and sinewy, hastily entered by another gate.

He was panting for breath as if from a long and hard run, but he did not slacken speed, slipping noiselessly among

the trees and bushes a few paces behind the others.

The driver glanced back once and saw him, but Clif continued on unsuspectingly to where the park ended abruptly at a low stone rampart.

Beyond this was a steep declivity—a stone precipice—which extended down with scarcely a break to the roofs of the houses one hundred feet below.

The face of the precipice was of rock with here and there a tuft of scraggly vegetation growing in the small crevices.

Clif paid little attention to these details. He was lost in admiration of the really beautiful view stretched out before him.

Darkness was almost at hand, but away in the east, a soft rosy glow still lingered above the hills. Down below at his feet was a panorama of lights and shadows, twinkling sparks of fire and black objects grotesque in their vagueness.

The river flowed beyond the town, lighter in color and bearing smudges which on nearer view would have resolved themselves into steamers and ships and fishing craft of many sizes.

This much Clif saw and admired, then he remembered the lateness of the hour and was on the point of turning to go when suddenly he felt a pair of sinewy arms clasped about his body.

A low voice hissed some command in Portuguese, then a soft object, evidently a coat, was thrown over his head and wound tightly.

He struggled, of course, and tried to cry out, but the muffled sounds went no further than his lips.

He writhed and tugged and fought madly to free himself, but those inflexible arms did not yield.

A hand snatched away his watch, another went through his pockets with practiced deftness, then came a muttered exclamation, and the lad found himself being lifted from the ground.

This last movement wrung a cry of terror from his lips. He knew the intention of his assailants.

They meant to hurl him from the wall!

Crying frantically for help, Clif made one final, desperate effort to escape.

He struggled to free his arms until the muscles stood out in great bands; he

kicked and butted, fought with hand and knee and teeth, but he was slowly and surely forced back against the hard stone rampart.

Then came the end. There was a last mighty effort, then a wild cry rang out into the night echoing down, down, down until a soft, crunching thud placed an abrupt period to the horrible shriek.

And then silence.

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CHAPTER V.

"CUTTER AHOY."

In a back room of a disreputable drinking resort on a narrow street leading from the water front were seated two youths clad in the uniform worn by United States naval cadets.

On the table between them were a bottle and two glasses. Both youths were smoking cigarettes, and both appeared ill at ease.

"I can't stand this much longer, Chris," said one, nervously flipping the ash from his cigarette. "If that little begger don't turn up pretty soon——"

"You'll go and look for him," interrupted the other with a sneer.

"Don't be a fool. How could I find him in this confounded city?"

He snapped open his watch and added abruptly:

"Almost seven. Confound it! what can be keeping him?"

"Probably had trouble finishing—— What's the matter?"

The other had banged the table with his clinched fist.

"Shut up, will you!" he snarled. "Haven't you any sense, talking like that? Do you want to get us—us hanged? People may be listening. It isn't so anyway. Nothing was to be done except giving—except giving Far—him a scare."

Chris Spendly slowly sent a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. He smiled grimly. "We won't argue that question, Judson," he drawled. "But when you cough up fifty dollars and promise fifty more, it's not for the purpose of giving people a scare. And that's true enough."

Before his companion could reply there was a sound at a door leading to the rear yard. Both sprang to their feet, Judson white-faced and trembling.

A lithe, sinewy, barefooted lad hurriedly entered the room. He was breathing heavily, and his face was mottled white as if from deadly fear.

He tried to speak, but before the words could form themselves an interruption came in the shape of a loud knock at the door opening into the bar.

With a gasping cry the lad vanished in the direction whence he had come. The cry was echoed by Judson, who stood cowering near the table.

"We are suspected," he moaned. "It has been done, and they are after——"

"Stop that, you fool!" grated Spendly. "How can they suspect us?"

He strode to the door and fumbled at the key unsteadily. He was pale, but there was desperate determination written in his face.

At last the lock yielded and the door flung open revealing—the man in charge of the place.

"You want more drink?" he asked, in broken English, bowing humbly.

"No!" snarled Chris, tossing him a piece of money.

"Come on," he added to Judson. "It's time we were at the dock."

They had presence of mind enough to saunter forth leisurely, but once free of the ill-favored resort they quickened their steps almost to a run.

"It won't do for you to be seen looking like that," exclaimed Spendly roughly, pausing under a street lamp. "Brace up, you fool. You would give yourself away to a blind man."

Judson pulled himself together with an effort. He was ghastly pale, but he walked steadily as they resumed their way toward the dock.

They found the majority of the liberty party gathered there awaiting the hour set for returning on board.

It was on the stroke of eight and the boats were already on their way ashore.

Shortly after Judson and Chris reached the dock, a carriage drove up and Joy and Nanny leaped out close to where the former were standing.

Joy glanced anxiously from one to the other of the group of cadets. His face was even more grave than usual. And Nanny looked as if tears were not far away from his eyes.

"I say," called out the lanky plebe, "has any one seen Faraday?"

Judson and Spendly shrank back into the shadows.

"No," replied a first class cadet named Blakely. "He ought to be here. Why, what's up? You fellows look worried."

"We can't understand why Cliff isn't here, that's all. He went out to a place in the suburbs at four o'clock and was to meet us on the dock at six. We've been up to the house where he called and they said he left there in a carriage shortly before dark."

"He may have stopped somewhere on the way back."

"No. Cliff is not the fellow to break a promise if he could help it."

"Oh, I don't know," came from the shadows back of Blakely. "He's not so much. I guess he'd break more than a promise if it came to the point."

"You wouldn't dare to say that to his face, Chris Spendly," retorted Nanny, warmly. "He'd make you shake in your boots."

Chris discreetly remained silent. His malignant nature had caused him to revile the boy whom he knew in his vicious heart was lying mangled and bleeding at the foot of the bluff, but he had sense enough to not carry it too far.

And Judson was frantically plucking at his sleeve and begging him to remain quiet for Heaven's sake.

"I think you will see Faraday showing up in ample time, youngsters," said Blakely, kindly, addressing Joy and Nanny. "There isn't any reason why he shouldn't."

"Here comes the boats," suddenly exclaimed a cadet.

Three men-of-war cutters dashed in from the darkness and rounded to alongside the landing steps.

An officer sprang out, glanced at his watch, then cried briskly:

"The liberty party will fall in and answer promptly as the names are called."

He produced a paper and rapidly read from it by the light of a boat lantern held by the coxswain.

"Mr. Andrews."

"Present, sir."

"Mr. Blakely."

"Present, sir."

"Mr. Caldwell."

"Here, sir."

"Donovan."

"Present, sir."

"Mr. Faraday."

No reply. The line of cadets shifted uneasily and a subdued murmur arose.

"Mr. Faraday," repeated the ensign in a louder voice.

Still no answer.

"Any one seen Mr. Faraday?" was the next question, given impatiently.

"Not since four o'clock, sir," replied Joy, glumly. "He went visiting and has probably been detained."

"He knows the hour. We can't wait longer than three minutes."

The officer's watch snapped with a determined click. The time passed slowly. Many anxious eyes were directed toward the gate at the end of the dock, for Clif, by his manliness and sturdy independence, won more than one friend even among the enemy.

"Time's up. Get into the boats," at last came from the ensign.

Joy and Nanny obeyed with evident reluctance, but Chris Spendly and Judson Greene seemed surprisingly eager to shake the dust of the city from their feet.

"I do not like to report Mr. Faraday absent," said the young officer as he took his place in the stern of the first cutter, "but duty is duty. Up oars! Ready, let fall——"

"Cutter ahoy!"

The hail, clear and sharp, came from the other end of the dock. The gate swung back and a youth clad in a naval cadet uniform ran toward the boats.

As he passed under a light a cry came from one of the cutters.

"Clif Faraday!"

The cry was followed by a commotion in the boat.

"What's the matter there?" called out the ensign, sternly.

"Judson Greene has fainted, sir."

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A group composed of the majority of the plebes and a sprinkling of upper class cadets was gathered around a youth leaning against the pivot gun on the Monogahela's forecastle an hour later.

The faces of all save the central figure

were expressive of the liveliest interest and excitement.

"And they got you against the stone rampart in the park, you say?" eagerly questioned Grat Wallace.

"Yes," replied Clif, for it was he. "There were two of them, the driver of the carriage and that scoundrelly little diver, Pedro. I thought my end had come. In fact, to use a common expression, I saw my finish. I had no intention of giving up, though."

"Not you," broke out Nanny.

"Thanks," laughed Clif, then he continued:

"I don't know how it happened without"—his voice grew soft and reverend—"the Almighty interposed and aided me. All I know is that we were struggling on the very edge of the stone rampart when the driver slipped over the edge and"—Clif shuddered—"fell down to a horrible death."

"Served him right," exclaimed more than one voice.

"I whipped the coat from my head just in time to see Pedro disappear among the trees. I gave chase, but he escaped me. I was pretty well shaken up, I tell you, but I managed to reach the central police headquarters and told my story to an interpreter."

"And the driver?"

"They found him an hour later on the roof of a house at the foot of the bluff. He was a mass of broken bones."

"And all this was done simply because you made that little Portuguese diver angry this morning?" said one of the group.

"I suppose so," replied Clif, thoughtfully; "but it does seem the fellow must have had some other reason than petty revenge and robbery. If so, it's bound to come out some day."

Back in the shadows of the foremast two cadets were crouching. They shivered as they heard the last words and as they slunk away there ran through their brains in letters of fire:

"It's bound to come out some day!"

[THE END.]

The next Naval Academy novelette by Ensign Clarke Fitch will be entitled: "Saving a King; or, Clif Faraday's Brave Deed," No. 23 Army and Navy.

FOOTBALL.

THE NATIONAL WINTER GAME OF AMERICA.

THE FOOTBALL season of '97 promises to be of greater interest than any of recent years. Colleges, schools and local teams are showing every activity and the preliminary practice on the various grid-irons gave early promise of

splendid sport. That promise is now in the fair way of fulfillment. Football as a game was adopted from our English cousins, but it is universally conceded that American improvements have materially changed it.

Games, almost exactly similar were played in ancient times. The ball used was called the "follis," an inflated bladder, or skin. Among the Greeks and Romans football, or "harpastum," as it was termed by the latter, was a favorite sport. During the early days of Great Britain, Shrove Tuesday was marked by the annual football festival, it being the custom of the young men of the city to go into the fields after dinner and, as an historian puts it, "engage in ye sport of balle, by which they deryved much joy." When cricket was introduced football was left to the middle and lower classes. No clubs or code of rules had been formed, and the sole aim seems to have been to drive the ball through the opposing side's goal by fair means or foul.

Both sexes and all ages took part in it on Shrove Tuesday, and the game was played so roughly that shutters had to be put up and houses closed in order to prevent damage. This caused the game to fall into bad repute and Shrove Tuesday "foot-

ball day" died out about 1830. For some thirty years football was only practiced at the great English public schools, at which there were, as still, two distinct forms of play.

The Rugby game resembles the Roman "harpastum" and the rough Shrove-tide play, since seizing and carrying the ball, charging, and one player's holding another are freely allowed.

Harvard introduced the game of Rugby football among the American colleges in 1875, when she played an exhibition game with Yale in the fall of that year. Princeton and many of the Eastern colleges took up the game at once, and since that time its growth in popularity has been steady and rapid. It is doubtful, however, if this would have been the case, to nearly as great an extent, had not the original game, as imported from Canada, been gradually changed from an indiscriminate contest in which head-work counted for little or nothing, to a game in which head counts for as much as strength. Its life as a spectacular attraction was threatened in the early 80's when the spectators at a championship game started to leave the grounds because one side, taking advantage of the weakness of the rules, had spent some twenty minutes

killing time by a repetition of plays in which they took no chances of losing the ball by any attempt to advance it. This style of play would of ten continue until the weaker team had been gradually forced back and compelled to touch for safety,



JOHN THISTLEWOOD,
Captain Pennsylvania Mil. Col.

J. H. WOLSIEFFER,
Capt. South Jersey Inst.

(By courtesy of Spalding's Football Guide for 1897.)

and then only would the stronger side be able to secure the ball and have an opportunity to score. The "safety" of those days counted nothing except that it forced the side making it to kick off from the twenty-five-yard line.

About this time the rules were changed and safeties were made to count, provided no other score was made; but this was of little advantage. All sorts of stories are told of how the five and ten-yard rule came to be devised. It has been said, among other things, that some devotee of the sport dreamed it out. Be that as it may, its introduction marks an epoch in the game, and did more to bring order out of chaos than any other change that could have been made. It brought what gamblers call action into the game. The ten-yard loss required to keep possession of the ball had to be increased a year or so later to twenty, owing to a lingering tendency on the part of some teams to kill time; but since that time this disagreeable feature has been almost entirely eliminated.

Team play was almost unknown in the early years of the sport. The original off-side rule was such as to make any attempt at interference impracticable, and so strict that a foul was often granted by the referee if a man who was in front of the ball ran into one of his opponents by accident. Rapid and accurate passing and brilliant individual runs were features of the play of those days.

Tackling was necessarily high, as it was the object of the tackler to prevent the runner from passing the ball, and if possible to wrest it away from him. Sometimes the ball would be passed from one to another of five or six players before its advance was finally checked. High tackling made long runs an every-day occurrence, and it sometimes happened that a half-back carried the ball over the line after every man on the opposing team had had a hand on him. As low tackling has come in such runs have become more and

more difficult, and nowadays high tackles and long runs are equally uncommon.

It is difficult to understand in these days of pneumatic pads and noseguards how the old-time teams ever played through a game. Their suits were entirely devoid of anything in the way of padding and afforded less protection than their every-day clothes, as lightness was the principal consideration. In those days, however, the impact of man against man was rare, as mass plays of any description were unknown, and even in tackling the tackler usually took his man from behind or the side, and while a bad spill usually resulted, owing to his taking him high, the chances of injury were less perhaps than the present low, head on, tackle. Interference began to come in when the off-side rule was changed so that it applied only to the ball and not to the players. It was, however, for a long time entirely unconcerned. When a back got the ball, either from a pass or from a kick, every other player on his side would take the man nearest him and try to keep him from getting near the runner; as they were then as now forbidden to use their hands or arms, their attempts to do this were not of much avail. Signals indicating plays had like small beginnings. At first certain silent signals were tried, but these were soon discarded for sentences and exclamations often heard during a game and of significance only when used by the captain. It is less than ten years since in a big game a signal used by the captain of one team was a certain phrase which, if followed by an expectoration meant one play, and if not, another. Soon, however, letters and numerals came into use, and nowadays the systems invented are so complex that it is difficult for the teams that use them to commit them perfectly, and next to impossible for them to be elucidated by the opponents.

What is known as "boxing the tackle" brought



BIEN,
Berkeley School.

W. M. HIGLEY,
Captain Phillips Exeter Academy.

F. H. YOST,
West Virginia University.

about the first concerted interference, and since its introduction the advance of this form of offensive work has been rapid. With every innovation of this kind as a means of advancing the ball, must come a strengthening of the defense, and so far the result has been an almost equal improvement in both directions.

A theorist on football was responsible for mass plays. They were universally good ground gainers until a proper defense was figured out and thereafter, although their different combinations were nearly always moderately successful, they were not invincible by any means. A few years ago a graduate of one of the big colleges worked out a mass play which on paper looked to be good for ten to twenty yards whenever a gain was needed. He took the next train to the town in which his college was situated, got hold of the captain and coaches and explained the play. They tried it on the scrub the next day, observing the strictest secrecy, and not allowing any one on the grounds but those actually associated with the team.

It worked like a charm. For a week nothing was talked about among the football squad and coaches but the new trick, and each succeeding day saw it perfected by secret practice. Shortly afterward these men journeyed to a distant city to see a game between two of their rivals, only to see both of them using the identical formation and to find that the trick that they had looked forward to springing on their opponents would in all probability be turned against them in a future game. It is probable that the other two teams had been equally certain that they would take their opponents completely by surprise with the play. Tried against a team of equal strength, however, the play did not carry everything before it, and while to stop it was killing work, it could be done.

Mass plays were abolished the following year.

They were not a pleasant feature to the spectators nor to experts from a scientific point of view, and on the other hand they disabled men right and left. The past year is the first in many that a meeting has not been called by the Inter-collegiate Football Association to revise the rules. Little by little the present rules have been evolved from the old set furnished Harvard by the Canadian plays. The game is nearing perfection, and while it does not appeal to one who does not understand it to such an

extent as the more open game of the old days, to an expert or one tolerably familiar with it it is full of interest. The spectator to-day, if he belongs to the latter class, can follow every incident of the game.

He knows just why the back failed to gain, what combination of men gave him that last opening in the line through which he plunged for a five-yard gain, and why the kick was blocked or not, as the case may be. He can see the points of superiority in the play of each team and the why and wherefore of everything that happens on the field.

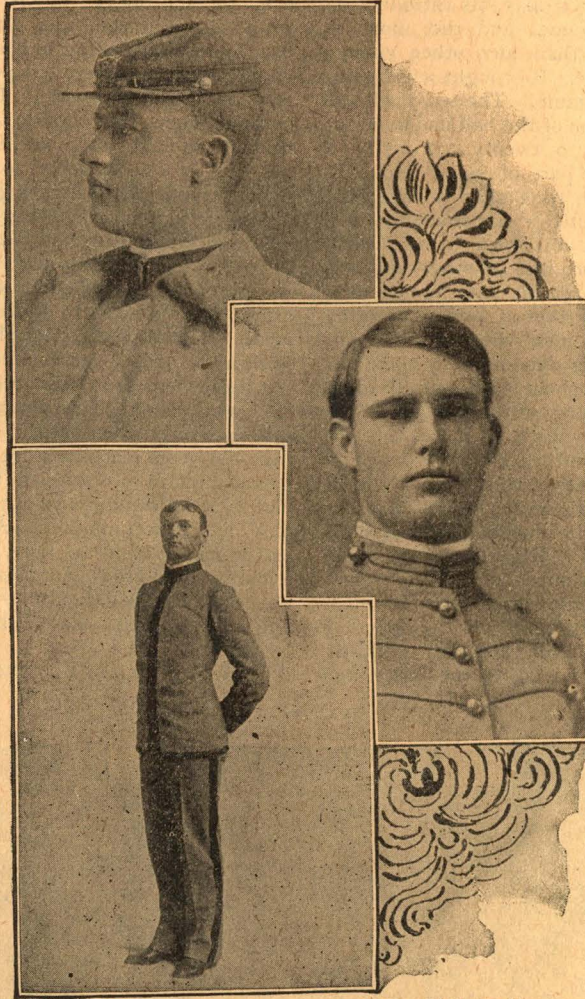
Perfection of team play has nearly abolished the hard-luck story at the end of the game, and the defeated side of these days is generally willing to admit that the better team won.

TRAINING.

The following interview with the captain of a great English football team will prove interesting. He says in reply to certain

leading questions:

"There has been an idea abroad that we do a great deal of training, that we are at it every night, but that is quite a mistake. Our training lasts for one hour a week. We train in the club gymnasium, but we never touch the apparatus—we don our football clothes, put on gymnasium shoes, and for an hour we practice running up and down, passing and dribbling. That is the extent of the team's practice together, and after it we have a shower



CRAIG, Quarter-Back. SCALES, Right Tackle.
NESBITT, Capt. and Half-Back.

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY FOOT BALL TEAM.

(By courtesy of Spalding's Football Guide for 1897.)



COCHRAN, of Princeton.

bath and rub down. We occasionally put in a high punt while practising in the gymnasium, but we never tackle hard and we cannot scrimmage.

"The modern game is the passing game, and the fact that the whole team, forwards and backs together, know how to give and take a pass, is due to practising passing at full speed, which makes men quick in taking a pass and accurate in giving one.

"Of course, a score often depends upon accurate and smart passing, and practice in the gymnasium trains forwards to see an opening and to give a good pass at

the right moment. As to the three quarters, they practice with the team in the gymnasium, but as a rule they also practice kicking, running and passing together on the field once a week. Before a big match some of us might go for a five or six mile walk on the other nights of the week, but there is no rule.

"As to dieting, every man pleases himself, but our fellows look after themselves wonderfully well, as everybody knows. Temperance in all things is the unwritten law, but our men eat and drink what they like, and most of them smoke. It is worth noting, however, that we have eight teetotalers in our team, and the rest are all very moderate men.

"I attribute the success of our team to the way in which our men hung together for so long. Practically the same men played together for five seasons, and of course we know each other's play ex-

tremely well. Regular practice, too, in the gymnasium, helped us to know each other's play. By using the gymnasium we practice in the warm and are independent of the weather. The practice is regular and efficient; it brings the backs and forwards into combination, and the power of a forward to supply the link in a passing run often means a score."

My advice to boys who desire to become capable players is to play their best at all times for the sake of the game and never to put their own personal wishes or fancies before the club or team. I think football ought to be compulsory at public schools in all cases where the boys are physically fitted for it.

The preliminary training in American colleges is based practically on the same plan as outlined above. Each coach naturally has his own ideas in minor details, but they unite in saying that of the two evils, overtraining and undertraining, it is hard to decide which is the worst.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.

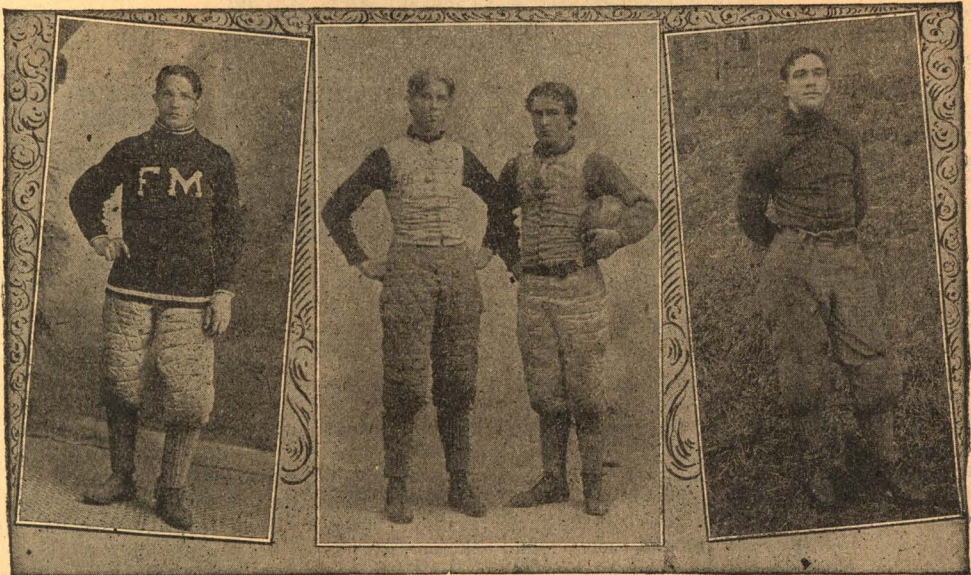
For the benefit of novices in the game of football the following general description and definitions are given:

To begin with, each side has eleven men that "line up" or face one another in the centre of the field.

These men are known as the right end and left end, right tackle and left tackle, right guard and



ROGERS, of Yale.

S. V. HOSTERMAN,
Captain Franklin and Marshall.WHITE and REXFORD, Capt.
St. Luke's School.JOSEPH W. POWELL,
Captain U. S. Naval Academy.

left guard, centre, quarter back, right half-back and left half-back and full back.

They "line up" facing each other. The right end of one team faces the left end of the other. The seven men facing one another are "the line," or "the rushers," and the men behind the line are "the backs."

At each end of the field, which is 330x160 feet, is the goal line, in the centre of which are the goal posts. These posts are 20 feet high and 18 feet 6 inches apart, with a crossbar 10 feet from the ground.

The object of the game is for each side to carry the ball over its opponents' goal line, or to kick the ball between the posts and over the crossbar.

The two captains toss for choice of ball and of goal. The winner takes the ball and the loser gets the goal or the reverse.

The game is started by a "kick-off" from the centre of the field. A "kick-off" cannot score a goal.

After the "kick-off" the side that gets the ball must advance with it five yards in four attempts or "downs." If it fails the ball goes to the other side on "downs."

After a "goal" the ball is "kicked off" from the centre of the field.

A "goal" is made by kicking the ball in any way except by a punt between the goal posts and over the crossbar.

A "drop kick" is made by letting the ball fall from the hands and kicking it the instant it rises from the ground.

A "place kick" is made by kicking the ball after it has been placed upon the ground.

A "punt" is made by letting the ball drop from the hands and kicking it before it touches the ground.

A "touchdown" is made when the ball is carried or kicked across the goal line and there held.

A "safety" is made when a player guarding his goal receives the ball from a player of his own side and touches it to the ground.

A "touchback" is where a player receives the

ball and touches it down behind the goal line, the impetus to the ball coming from an opponent.

The ball goes "out of bounds" when it crosses the side lines.

A "scrimmage" takes place when the holder of the ball places it upon the ground and puts it in play by kicking it forward or snapping it back.

A "fair catch" is made direct from a kick made by an opponent.

"Off-side" play is made when a player is in his opponents' territory when the ball is put in play.

A touchdown counts four points, a goal from a touchdown counts two points, a goal from the field counts five points, and a safety counts two points against the team making it.

There are three officials — linesman, referee and umpire. The referee has charge of the ball and judges of its progress, the umpire has charge of the players and the linesman marks the progress of the ball.

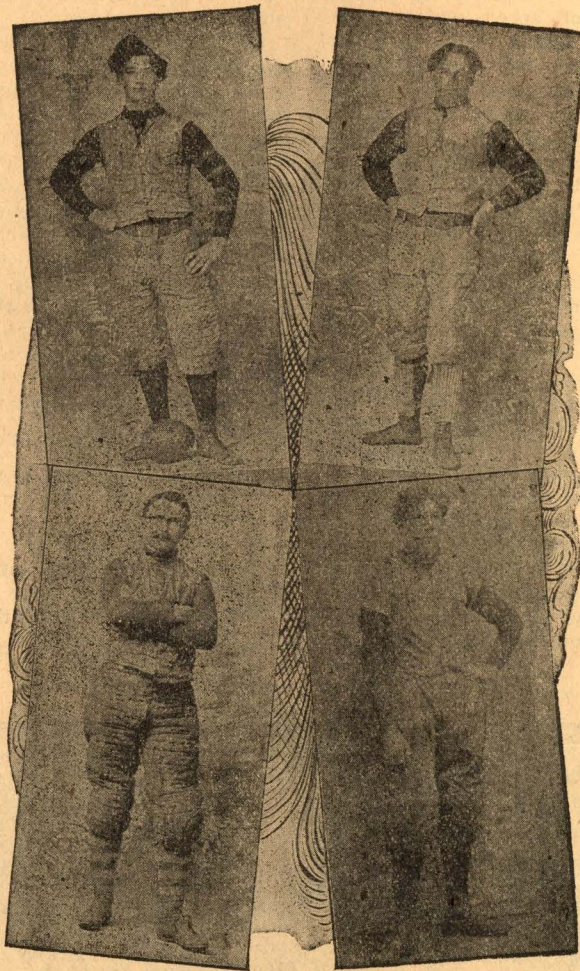
The game is divided into two halves of thirty-five minutes each, with ten minutes intermission.

A beginner in football should read the rules carefully, learn them by heart and if possible watch the practice of a good team.

New teams should see at the start that the field is properly prepared. It should be marked out with ordinary lime lines enclosing a space of about 330 feet long and 160 feet wide. It is customary to mark the field with transverse lines every five yards for the benefit of the referee in determining how far

the ball is advanced at every down. In the middle of the lines forming the ends of the field the goal posts are erected and should be eighteen feet six inches apart, with crossbar ten feet from the ground. The posts should project several feet above the crossbar.

In forming a team too much care cannot be given to the subject of uniforms. Uniforms should be of a serviceable and proper nature. Leather suits are particularly good and light for a rainy



B. W. WILSON,

IOWA STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

W. H. DECKER,

Wyoming Seminary.

J. W. WILSON, Captain.

ROBERT CRASSER,

Kenyon College.

(By courtesy of Spalding's Football Guide for 1897.)



MINDS, U. of P.

day, but their high cost generally precludes their adoption. The ordinary player should content himself with a canvas jacket. This can be purchased at a small expense from the dealer in athletic goods.

It should fit closely, not too tightly and lace up in front so that it may be drawn quite snugly. The trousers should be of some strong material and well padded. Long woolen stockings are worn and not infrequently shin guards, by those in the forward line. The most important feature of all is the shoe. This may be the ordinary canvas or leather base ball shoe with leather cross

pieces nailed across the sole to prevent slipping. The best shoes are made entirely of leather, lacing well up the ankle, and the soles provided with a small leather spike. The cap may be of any variety, and except in the case of half-backs and back, does not play any important part. Those excepted, however, should have caps with visors to protect their eyes from the sun when catching a long kick.

Underneath the jackets any woolen underwear may be worn, most players preferring knit jerseys.

FOOTBALL RULES.

The more important rules of those recommended to the University Athletic Club by the members of the Rules Committee are as follows:

Rule 13. (a) The officials of the game shall be an umpire, a referee and a linesman.

(b) The umpire is the judge of the conduct of the players, and his decision is final regarding fouls and unfair tactics, except in the cases mentioned in (d). The umpire may appeal to both the referee and linesman for testimony in all cases of fouls seen by them, and it shall be their duty to volunteer their testimony in all cases prescribed in rule 30 (a); but they cannot be appealed to upon these points by the captains or players.

(c) The umpire shall permit no coaching either by substitutes, coaches or any one inside the ropes. If such coaching occur he shall warn the offender and upon the second offense must have him sent behind the ropes for the remainder of the game.

(d) The referee shall see that the ball is put in play properly, and he shall be judge of its position and progress. He is also the judge of forward passes, and of running with the ball by the quarter-back. His decision is final in all points not covered by the umpire.

The referee may appeal to both the umpire and linesman for testimony upon all points within his jurisdiction.

(e) Both umpire and referee shall use whistles to indicate the cessation of play on fouls and downs.

(f) The linesman shall, under the supervision of the referee, mark the distance gained or lost in the progress of the play, and he shall give testimony as prescribed above. He shall also, under direction of the referee, keep the time, and shall use a stopwatch for so doing.

(g) Only one official representative for each side



CABOT, of Harvard.



R. G. CAMPBELL,
Washington and Lee.

J. MAC CURTIN,
Captain Pa. State College.

W. T. GRAHAM,
Captain Cheltenham Academy.

(By courtesy of Spalding's Football Guide for 1897.)

shall come upon the field of play in case of an accident to a player.

Rule 14 (a) The time of the game shall be 70 minutes, each side playing 35 minutes from each goal. There shall be ten minutes intermission between the two halves. The game shall be decided by the final score at the end of even halves. Either side refusing to play after being ordered to do so by the referee shall forfeit the game. This shall also apply to refusing to begin a game when ordered to do so by the referee. The linesman shall notify the captains of the time remaining for play not more than ten nor less than five minutes before the end of each half.

(b) The time shall not be called for the end of a half until the ball is dead, and in the case of a try-at-goal from a touch-down, the try shall be allowed. Time shall be taken out while the ball is being brought out either for a try, kick out or kick off, and when play is for any reason suspended.

Rule 15. No one wearing projecting nails or iron plates on his shoes, or any metal upon his person, shall be allowed to play in a match. No sticky or greasy substance shall be used on the persons of the players.

Rule 16. The captains shall toss up before the beginning of the game, and the winner of the toss shall have his choice of goal or of kick off. The same side shall not kick off in two successive halves. The ball shall be kicked off at the beginning of each half, and, whenever a goal has been obtained the side which has lost the goal shall kick off. In the case of kick off, kick out and kick from a fair catch, the ball must be kicked a distance of at least ten yards into the opponents' territory, unless stopped by an opponent.

Rule 17. At kick off, if the ball go out of bounds before it is touched by an opponent, it shall be brought back and kicked off again. If it be kicked out of bounds a second time it shall go as a kick off to the opponents. If either side thus forfeit the

ball twice it shall go as first down at the centre of the field to their opponents.

Rule 18. The side which has a free kick must be behind the ball when it is kicked. At kick off, the opposite side must stand at least ten yards in front of the ball until it is kicked.

Rule 19. Charging is lawful for the opponents if the punter advances beyond his line, or in case of a place kick as soon as the ball is put in play by touching the ground.

In case of a punt out or kick off, however, the opponents must not charge until the ball is kicked. If opponents charge before the ball is put in play they shall be put back five yards for every such offense.

Rule 20. A player may throw or pass the ball in any direction except toward the opponents' goal. If the ball be batted in any direction or thrown forward, it shall go down on the spot to the opponents.

Rule 21. (a) If a player having the ball be tackled and the movement of the ball stopped, or if the player cry "down" the referee shall blow his whistle and the side holding the ball shall put it down for a scrimmage. As soon as a runner attempting to go through is tackled and goes down, or whenever a runner having the ball in his possession cries "down," the referee shall blow his whistle, and the ball shall be considered down at that spot. Any piling up on the man after that shall be punished by giving him fifteen yards.

(b) The snapper-back is entitled to full and undisturbed

possession of the ball. The opponents cannot interfere with the snapper-back or touch the ball until it is actually in play. Infringement of this nature shall give the side having the ball five yards at every such offense.

(c) If in snapping the ball back the player so doing be off side, the ball must be snapped again, and if this occur three times on the same down, the ball shall go to the opponents. The man who first receives the ball when snapped back from the



P. L. COCKE,
Captain U. of Virginia.
G. V. ROGERS,
Racine A. A.

J. W. F. BENNETT,
U. of Michigan.
F. G. ENSIGN,
Beloit College.

(By courtesy of Spalding's Football Guide for 1897.)

down shall not carry the ball forward unless he has regained it after it has been passed to and touched another player.

(d) The man who puts the ball in play in a scrimmage and the opponent opposite him cannot pick up the ball until it has touched some third man. "Third man" means any other player than the one putting the ball in play and the opponent opposite him.

(e) If in three consecutive downs (unless the ball cross the goal line) a team shall not have advanced the ball five yards or taken it back twenty yards, it shall go to the opponents on the spot of the fourth down. "Consecutive" means without going out of the possession of the side holding it, except that by having kicked the ball they have given their opponents fair and equal chance of gaining possession of it. No kick, however, provided it be not stopped by an opponent, shall be considered as giving the opponents a fair and equal chance of possession unless the ball go beyond the line of scrimmage.

(f) If the snapper-back kick the ball, no player of his side can pick it up until it has gone ten yards into the opponents' territory, unless it be stopped by an opponent.

(g) When the referee or umpire has given a team a distance penalty the resulting down shall be counted the first down.

Rule 22 (a) Before the ball is put in play in a scrimmage should any player of the side which has the ball take more than one step in any direction, he must come to a full stop before the ball is put in play.

Exception.—One man of the side having the ball may be in motion toward his own goal without coming to a stop before the ball is put in play.

(b) When the ball is put in play at least five players must be on the line of scrimmage.

(c) If, when the ball is put in play five players,

not including the quarter-back, be behind the line of scrimmage and inside of the positions occupied by the players at the ends of said line, then two of these players must be at least five yards back of this line. But all of these players may be nearer than five yards to the line of scrimmage, if two of them are outside of the positions occupied by the players at the ends of said line.

Rule 23. If the ball goes out of bounds, whether it bound back or not, a player of the side which

touches it down must bring it to the spot where the line was crossed and there either:

I. Touch it in with both hands, at right angles to the side line and then kick it; or,

II. Walk out with it at right angles to the side line, any distance not less than five or more than fifteen yards, and there put it down for a scrimmage, first declaring how far he intends walking. The man who puts the ball in must face the field or the opponents' goal, and he alone can have his foot outside the side line. Any one except him, who puts his hands or feet between the ball and his opponents' goal is off side.

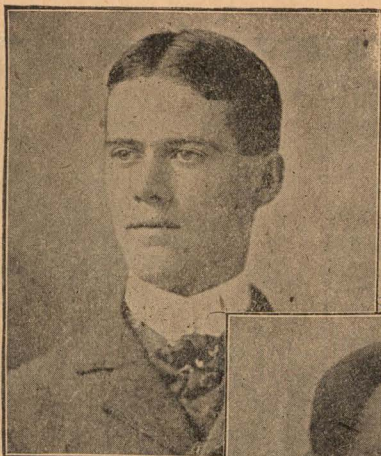
Rule 24. A side which has made a touchdown in their opponents' goal must try at goal, either by a place kick or a punt out. If the goal be missed, the ball shall go as a kick off at the centre of the field to the defenders of the goal.

Rule 25. (a) If the try be a place kick, a player of the side which has touched the ball down shall bring it up to the goal line and making a mark opposite the

spot where the ball was touched down, shall bring it out at right angles to the goal line any desired distance and there place it for another of his side to kick. The opponents must remain behind their goal line until the ball has been placed upon the ground.

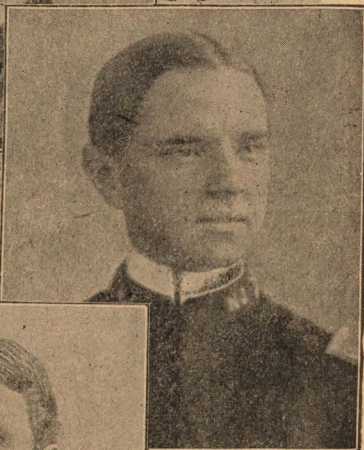
(b) The placer in a try-at-goal may be off side or out of bounds without vitiating the kick.

Rule 26. If the trial be by a punt-out the punter

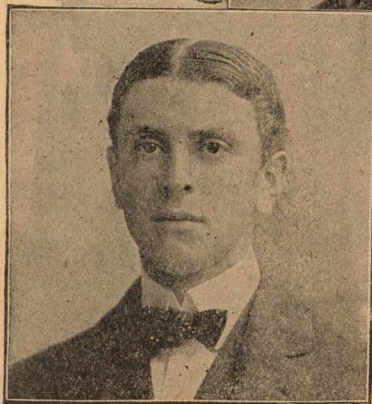


WILLIAM W. ROPER,
Captain Penn Charter.
ARTHUR HAINES,
Haverford College

(By courtesy of Spalding's Football Guide for 1897.)



M. F. IVINS, JR.,
Capt. Bordentown M. I.



shall bring the ball up to the goal line, and making a mark opposite the spot where it was touched down, punt out to another of his own side from any spot behind the line of goal and not nearer goal than such mark. The players of his side must stand in the field of play not less than fifteen feet from the goal line. If the touchdown be made in touch-in-goal the punt-out shall be made from the intersection of the goal line and the side line. The opponents may line up anywhere on the goal line except in the space of five feet on each side of the punters' mark, but they cannot interfere with the punter. The punter cannot touch the ball after kicking it until it strikes or is touched by some other player. If a fair catch be made from a punt-out, the mark shall serve to determine the position as a mark of any fair catch. If a fair catch be not made on the first attempt, the ball shall go as a kick off at the centre of the field to the defenders of the goal.

Rule 27. A side which has made a touchback or a safety must kick out, except as otherwise provided, from not more than twenty-five yards outside the kicker's goal. If the ball go out of bounds before striking a player, it must be kicked out again, and if this occur twice in succession it shall be given to the opponents as out of bounds on the twenty-five yard line on the side where it went out. At kick out, the opponents must be on the twenty-five yard line or nearer their own goal, and the kicker's side must be behind the ball when it is kicked or be adjudged off-side. Should a second touchback occur before four downs have been played, the side defending the goal may have the choice of a down at the twenty-five yard line or a kickoff.

Exception.—Whenever a side has tried a drop kick at the goal upon a first down inside the twenty-five yard line and the result has been a touchback, the line of kick out shall be the ten-yard instead of the twenty-five yard line in determining the position of the opponents, and the

kicker's side must be behind the ball when it is kicked.

Rule 28. The following shall be the value of each point in the scoring: Goal obtained by touchdown, 6; goal from field kick, 5; touchdown failing goal, 4; safety by opponents, 2.

Rule 29. Before the ball is put in play no player shall lay his hands upon or by the use of his hand or arms interfere with an opponent in such a way as to delay putting the ball in play. After the ball is put in play the players of the side that has possession of the ball can obstruct the opponents with the body only, except the player who runs with the ball. But the players of the side not having the ball can use their hands and arms to push their opponents out of the way.

Rule 30. (a) A player shall be disqualified for unnecessary roughness, hacking or striking with the closed fist.

(b) If a player be disqualified or injured a substitute shall take his place. The player thus replaced cannot return to further participation in the game.

(c) For the offenses of throttling, tripping or tackling below the knees, the opponents shall receive fifteen yards or a free kick at their option. In case, however, the fifteen yards will carry the ball across the goal line, they may have half the distance from the spot of the offense to the goal line, but shall not be allowed a free kick.

Rule 31. (a) A foul shall be granted for any violation of the rules, unnecessary delay of the game, off-side play or holding

an opponent, unless he has the ball. No delay, arising from any cause whatsoever, shall continue more than three minutes.

(b) The penalty for fouls, except where otherwise provided, shall be when the offending side has the ball, the immediate surrender of it to the opponents for a down; or, when the offending side has not the ball, the advance of the ball ten yards.

(c) The offended side may refuse to accept the penalty where it is to its disadvantage. But in the



KEMPLE,
Winona Normals.
PRICE,
Simpson College.

FOLGER,
Capt. St. John's M. A.
LORD,
Trinity College.

(By courtesy of Spalding's Football Guide for 1897.)

case of a run resulting, should it be over fifteen yards, that distance shall be the limit allowed.

(d) Whenever the rules provide for a distance penalty, if the distance prescribed would carry the ball across the goal line, one-half the intervening distance shall be given.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

There is no position connected with football harder to fill satisfactorily than that of umpire of an important game where the contestants are evenly matched. When the result of a game is only a question of score the responsibility of this officer is not so great, but in the big matches that decide championships, where his decision may win or lose the game, it cannot be overestimated. The umpire is expected to see every move of twenty-two men throughout an entire game; of course this is impossible. He can't watch all the players all of the time. The next best thing for him to do, therefore, is to watch those players who would gain the most by playing unfairly and the plays in which foul tactics would be the most effective. He must, as far as possible, give each man on both teams the impression that he has him under special surveillance, and that he never hesitates to penalize any breach of the playing rules that he actually sees, no matter how excusable it may be. Once let a team get the idea that the umpire is disposed to be lenient, and it will at once take advantage of it. The umpire should never take any evidence that a breach of the rules has been committed other than that of his own eyes, or those of the other officers of the game. If he is competent he will allow no claim of a foul. He should see unfair tactics as soon as any player can and should sound his whistle at the instant. The granting of a claim is therefore a sign of incompetence. It shows a lack of decision in case he saw the occurrence, while, on the other hand it is grossly unfair for him to act on the testimony of a player. The effect of any decision upon the result of the game should not influence him, and he should punish offside play or holding in the line with the same severity and promptness inside the five-yard line as in midfield. It requires a deal of moral courage for an umpire to make a decision which may turn victory into defeat. The men who in this trying position have given universal satisfaction are extremely few, and their services are always in great demand. The duties of the referee are comparatively easy, as there is a decision to be made on every play, and something definite to go by in nearly every instance.

Yale has about solved the problem at centre and is now turning her attention to the ends and backs. She realizes that heavy ends will be a necessity this year, and for that reason Chamberlain has been tried in that position and has received an endless amount of coaching. As a result of this he has developed rapidly into a first-class end and is likely to remain in that place through the season. He is the heaviest end Yale has had since the days of Josh Hartwell. Hazen on the other wing is rounding into shape rapidly, and, although some twenty pounds lighter than Chamberlain, will give a good account of himself in the big games. He plays very much like the spirited style of Frank Hinckey, captain of Yale's champion team

of '94. Behind the line Kiefer and Corwin possess every quality but weight, and they are so quick and clever that they almost make up for this disadvantage. However, the coaches feel that they must have weight among the backs, and Durstan has been tried and subjected to a great deal of coaching. So far he has not given much evidence of becoming satisfactory. He is slow starting and despite his weight does not make anything like the gains that the lighter backs do. McBride at full back is satisfactory, except in one respect. His defensive work is good, he follows and forms in interference well and hits the line hard; his punts are long and he gets them away quickly, but there is a fatal inaccuracy about his kicking that he seems unable to overcome. None of the other candidates behind the line can punt in anything like the form necessary. Yale seems to be entirely destitute of scoring kickers this year, with the exception of Cadwallader, whose place kicking is above the average.

Walter Camp said recently, in speaking of the quick place kick, that the play was brought to his notice by a schoolboy who wrote to him to know if the kick was allowable under the rules. He replied in the affirmative, but did not think that such a play would prove effective. He gave it a trial, however, and was surprised to find that it was fully as quick as the drop kick and much more accurate. Mr. Camp recalled a fact not generally known that last year Chamberlain and Finke, Yale's centre and quarterback, balanced the scales. It is of rare occurrence that men playing these positions satisfactorily are of equal weight.

The Kenyon Military College (Gambier, Ohio) team represents one of the smallest colleges in Ohio, but it was one of the first to champion the cause of pure athletics, and to frown upon the playing of coaches and ringers. The prospective schedule calls for a game with the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware November 13, and Wittenberg at Springfield, Ohio, November 25. The captain is Thomas Jenkens, and the team is managed by W. H. Clarke.

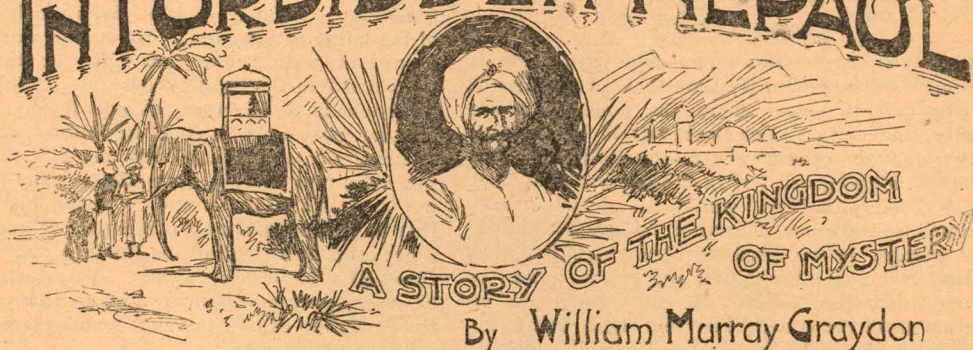
University of Georgia contemplates a northern trip this season and is anxious to meet the crack northern teams. The team has a clean score for last year. Charles McCarthy of Brown is the present coach, and he speaks highly of the material in his hands. William B. Kent, the captain, plays right tackle, Nally, right half-back, and Moore left half-back. Tichenor of Auburn is quarter-back.

Pennsylvania State College has arranged games as follows: Bucknell at Williamsport, November 13, and Dickinson at Sunbury November 25. J. M. Curtin is captain and J. S. Albert manager of this year's team.

Bordentown (N. J.) Military Academy is a strong candidate for football honors. The team plays Pingry November 13 at Bordentown, and has in prospect a very interesting schedule.

University of Michigan plays Minnesota November 13 at Detroit, Wittenberg November 20 at Ann Arbor, and the Chicago University team November 25 at Chicago.

IN FORBIDDEN NEPAUL



Author of "A Legacy of Peril," etc., etc.

("IN FORBIDDEN NEPAUL" was commenced in No. 15. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEARING THE GATES.

Thus far success had attended the daring adventurers, and though they were only on the first step of the way, they had reason to feel satisfied that their disguises would stand the ordinary test of free mingling with their fellow travelers to the monastery. This was a hopeful and encouraging sign, but they did not let it make them over sanguine. They knew that their entry into the stronghold of the priests would be the "Rubicon" of their perilous task.

A few words will suffice for their actions after the reader left them sleeping in the gorge near the purple Lake of Dacca. Waking at sundown, Hawksmoor and Bhagwan Das proceeded to alter their own appearance, and then they skilfully transformed Nigel into a Hindoo, staining him from head to foot, shaving his face and part of his skull, greasing and dressing his hair, and rigging him out in clothing like their own—white turban, tunic, and trousers, blue kummerbund, and stout sandals for the feet. These articles had been provided long before, when Hawksmoor arranged with Ali Mirza all the little details of the proposed undertaking. Thus disguised, and their discarded clothing and other things concealed among the rocks, the three sallied forth at midnight, and with difficulty made their way for three or four miles through the rugged mountain valley, until they came to high and wooded ground in the vicinity of the great road.

Here they waited until the first glimmer of dawn, when Bhagwan Das set off to a village not far away, to spend a few coins of the country in needful purchases, from which quest he speedily returned with fruit, fowls, and a flagon of wine. The sun was now nearly up, and it was an easy matter for the adventurers to take to the highway at a point where a mountain path joined it, and to mingle freely with the other pilgrims bound in the same direction. They were indeed cleverly disguised, thanks to Ali Mirza, and there was little to fear on that score should they play their parts vigilantly. Each carried a stave and a knife, and Hawksmoor had prudently left his revolver behind. But in the capacious folds of his ample kummerbund were hidden a phial of stain and a tiny box of wax matches for emergencies, while on a like part of Nigel's person were stored a keen razor and a stick of native hairgrease.

After pushing on for some time, the little group had halted, as we have seen, by the high parapet that bordered the road. They had good reason for this, since but very few persons appeared to be ahead of them, and they preferred to be among the last rather than the first to enter the monastery. So they rested for an hour from the scorching sun, watching the motley and increasing crowd go by, and it must have been close to eleven o'clock when they started off again in the

rear of the elephant-riding nabob and his retinue of soldiers and servants.

The highway was now entering that part of the country where the greatest obstacles had been encountered and surmounted, and to the two Englishmen the wonders that cropped up before them seemed truly miraculous. But while Hawksmoor preserved a stolid and indifferent bearing, Nigel was at first unable to hide his rapturous delight. His eyes glanced from side to side, staring with amazement, and he frequently called the attention of his companions to one thing or another.

"Davenant, pray be careful," Hawksmoor muttered at last. "Feign indifference, as though you had seen all this a score of times. You forget the part you are playing, and the need of constant vigilance."

"By Jove, I did almost forget," Nigel assented. "My head is fairly turned. Why, Hawksmoor, the old seven wonders of the world would pale before this! To think of such a marvel of engineering being hidden away in the heart of forbidden Nepaul! Fancy a fellow let loose here with a camera! I would give ten years of my life for the chance."

"Your life won't be worth an hour's purchase if you don't control yourself," Hawksmoor answered, sharply. "Take your cue from me. I am drinking in all the grandeur of the view, but I'll defy any one to suspect the fact. Your actions are putting us in danger. Is it not so, Bhagwan Das?"

"It is true," the Hindoo answered gravely. "Who knows what keen eyes are watching, Davenant Sahib? Also to our greater peril, he seems to me somewhat ill at ease in the garments of a native born."

"The confounded things do feel a bit queer yet," Nigel admitted; "but now that you've told me, I'll shake off the awkwardness. I'll act as though I have never drawn a breath out of Nepaul—as though I was sick and tired of this monotonous old highway and the monthly trips to the shrine of Durgadeva. Just drop me the word if I go wrong, Hawksmoor."

But there was no further occasion for his companions to warn Nigel. From that time on his behavior was discreet and vigilant; he imitated perfectly the easy bearing of Bhagwan Das, and yet by furtive glances he missed none of the marvels along the way. To give but a meagre idea of that ancient highway of the priests would baffle the most masterly of word-painters. Let the reader conceive, if he can, an entirely artificial road sixty feet broad, stretching for miles, protected on both sides by a curved parapet low enough for the eye to see over—a road that far, far surpassed the Appian Way of the Romans or the viaducts of the Peruvians.

It wound its course through a region of the utmost grandeur and ruggedness, through mountains and gorges, as gigantic as any part of the Himalayas. Here it was built on a level for a space, its huge flagstones

lying in the shade of overhanging wooded hills and patches of forest; here carried boldly out on solid arches hundreds of feet high, it spanned some mighty gorge, and down in the dizzy depths the eye of the traveler could faintly pick out silver ribbons that were wide and raging torrents, and villages nestled in the valley's lap that looked like toy hamlets. There the road was carved, with incredible labor around the sheer front of a mountain, with sculptured columns holding up the billions of tons of rock that formed a roof overhead; there it dived through short tunnels, or dipped along the verge of chasms thousands of feet deep, or soared toward the blue sky till the air grew bitterly cold. So it went its destined way, stupendous, magnificent, mocking and defying the power of nature—the triumph of centuries and an everlasting monument to the iron sway of the priestly rulers of Nepal.

As marvel succeeded marvel, while the burning sun rose higher to heaven, the two Englishmen found it hard indeed to mask their feelings under the garb of indifference. And Bhagwan Das seemed equally impressed, though in the remote days of his youth his feet must have trodden the priestly highway many a time. But as they drew steadily nearer to the monastery all three thought less of the wonders about them than of the ordeal they would shortly be called on to face. They kept up a slow and even pace, letting fleet-footed natives pass them, and leaving behind some who lagged toilingly in the heat. By showing a haughty and dignified manner they were spared questioning, nor did they hear more than occasional bits of conversation; but what little reached their ears related to the assault on Matadeen Mir at the Durbar House of Yoga, and to the fabulous reward offered for the capture, dead or alive, of the Feringhee officer and his supposed native confederates.

"By Jove! if these fellows, only knew how close they were to a prize of fifty thousand rupees!" muttered Nigel. "It's frightful to think of what our fate would be. But I suppose we are safer here than if we were at large in any other part of the country."

"Much safer," Hawksmoor replied. "Our disguises defy suspicion, and there will be no difficulty in entering the monastery. After that our movements will rest with Bhagwan Das."

The Hindoo turned a baggard face to his companions, and a pair of eyes in which lurked abject terror.

"I have given you my word, sahibs," he said, "and I will be true to you. Yet, by Brahma, I would rather lose this right arm—rather have a knife driven to my heart than cross the threshold of Durgadeva's realm! And soon we shall be at the gates of the monastery. Look yonder!"

As he spoke he pointed ahead with a trembling hand.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT THE SHRINE OF DURGADEVA.

The Hindoo's meaning was clear to his companions. While talking they had turned a pretty sharp curve of the road, and now they saw before them a sort of a cul-de-sac—rocky hills towering sheer up from the parapets on both sides for about half a mile, and there a huge granite mountain thrusting its bulk across the valley. But the highway seemed not to end here, for at the base of the mountain the stretch of white flagstone vanished abruptly into an arched black hole.

"Is that a tunnel?" asked Hawksmoor.

"Yes; and it is cut for a great distance through solid rock," replied Bhagwan Das. "When we have passed through to the other side we shall stand at the gates of the monastery."

"By Jove! what an impregnable stronghold the place must be!" exclaimed Nigel.

"It could defy the armies of the world," said the Hindoo. "It is long and narrow, the monastery, and is hemmed about by steep mountains except at the end where it touches the lake of Dacca."

"Then the lake is somewhere close by here?" questioned Hawksmoor.

"It lies yonder on the further side of the hills," stated Bhagwan Das, pointing to the right. "Let us hasten, sahibs," he added, "for by the sun I judge the hour of noon to be already past."

They quickened their pace, and just before reaching the mouth of the tunnel they came up with a party of natives numbering about a dozen. A moment later, and the outer sunshine had been exchanged for the

refreshing coolness of the subterranean highway, which was wide enough for a score of men to walk abreast. At intervals, high up on the walls, huge lamps of bronze burned cheerfully. These were lighted only on the offering days. Bhagwan Das explained in a low tone, or when the high priest or his emissaries rode on elephants to Yoga.

The tunnel curved slightly from right to left, and was at the least half a mile long. It was a solemn passage for Nigel and Hawksmoor, and with strange emotions and thrilling expectations, they finally saw a blaze of white light in the distance; nor was the first glimpse disappointing when they emerged in the outer world, surrounded by their native companions.

It had been more aptly called the inner world, for the sense of isolation and entombment was oppressive. Nigel felt a tightness of breath as he looked up behind him at the mighty barrier of the mountain from the bowels of which he had just come. It rose thousands of feet sheer in air, and extended right and left until in both directions its curving formation hid it from view. And lying parallel with the face of the mountain, not more than twenty feet from it stretched the wall of the monastery—at least a hundred feet high, built of deep-red granite, embattled, but unpierced by windows. The narrow passage between the mountain and the wall was paved with flagstones, like the highway, and of such a tremendous height was the mountain chain on the far side of the monastery that a glimpse of its snowy peaks could actually be obtained from the mouth of the tunnel, thus adding to the cramped, out-of-the-world appearance of the place.

All this Nigel and Hawksmoor noted by brief and furtive glances as they stood halted with the rest of the party before a gateway in the wall. The massive gates of stone and metal were wide open, and two guard plainly dressed in white, were passing the travelers in. That first ordeal was quickly over for Bhagwan Das and his companions, and they stood it unflinchingly. They entered unsuspected with the others, and found themselves in a court about sixty feet square.

On all four sides towered walls of red granite, and to right and left of the entrance were small doors of bronze. On the further side of the court was an arched gateway about six feet wide and very high, and here were posted two men of very different manner and appearance from those at the outer entrance. They were tall and fierce-looking, clad in baggy white trousers and long tunics, with green kummerbunds and turbans. Curved swords were in their hands, and they watchfully scrutinized each gift-bearing traveler as he passed by them and vanished within.

A number of natives were still huddled in the outer court waiting their turn, and so Bhagwan Das and his companions had an opportunity of looking about them and of exchanging a few cautious words.

At first they were mystified and impressed by the strange medley of sounds that came from the inner court. It was evident that the hour of noon was far past, and that the procession of pilgrims had been entering for some time, and the rites connected with the ceremony seemed to have begun. Chanting voices mingled with the muffled beating of kettledrums and a sweet tinkling of bells, and now and then ran harshly-discordant sounds—the gruff bark of a dog, the shrill trumpeting of an elephant, and a snarl that could come only from the throat of a wild beast.

"You will see strange sights yonder—in the Court of the Shrine," Bhagwan Das whispered to his companions. "Is it one of the main courts of the monastery?" Nigel asked.

"It is within the monastery, but not of it," the Hindoo replied mysteriously. "It is kept for the use of the people on the offering days, and none ever see beyond it save those who rule at Katmandu. It contains treasure that will make your hearts envious, sahibs; but it's a mere nothing to the wonders that lie beyond these walls—the secrets of centuries. Have my eyes not seen them in times past?"

As he spoke a shudder convulsed him, and the memory of the past brought a gleam of terror to his eyes.

"Be careful," warned Hawksmoor, "for now is the greatest need of vigilance. The monastery is long and narrow—is it not so?"

"Yes, sahib; it stretches for a mile along this valley, and its walls, as you have seen, nearly touch the mountains on both sides. At the lower end, near which we are, is the Lake of Dacca. At the upper end lies a spot which, I trust, it may not be your evil fate

to behold. And the monastery is built over a deep river, which flows the length of the valley and feeds the lake

"Built over it?" Nigel muttered incredulously. "Do you mean to say that the whole monastery, from mountain to mountain, lies on an artificial roof over a subterranean river?"

"It is even so," the Hindoo replied. "It was the labor of countless centuries of dim antiquity. But let us speak of what more concerns us," he added, with a furtive glance about him, "for we must soon pass on to the Court of the Shrine. Do you go in front of me, sahibs, and fear nothing. I will follow safely, and when we have all passed through you will await my further bidding. Unless my memory prove treacherous it will be easy to gain unseen that part of the monastery where the priests never come."

"Heaven help you, Bhagwan Das!" muttered Hawksmoor.

"And Heaven help us to find and rescue Muriel Brabazon!" said Nigel. "I don't like the looks of those fellows who are taking the tickets, so to speak," he went on. "Are they priests?"

"Yes; priests of the First Degree, which is the lowest," answered the Hindoo. "Those of the higher orders are different in dress, and are rarely seen outside of the secret parts of the monastery—" He broke off abruptly. "Come, sahibs," he whispered; "it is our turn!"

In all less than a dozen now remained in the outer Court of the Shrine, including some new arrivals, and Bhagwan Das and his companions, joined in the movement toward the gateway, bringing up the rear. It was a critical moment, but they were ready for it. The Hindoo, queer mixture of cowardice and pluck that he was, seemed the coolest of the three. He kept alongside of Hawksmoor for a few seconds, whispering in his ear, and then he fell a little behind.

Only three in front—two—one! It was their turn next, and Nigel and Hawksmoor advanced, holding out with steady hands the pair of fowls and the flagon of wine. Boldly they faced the inquisitive scrutiny of the two priestly guards; calmly they passed on through the gate and trod the pavement of the inner court. And even as they breathed more freely the blow of Fate fell—distinctly they heard these words of terrible import:

"Is it indeed you, Panta Lal?"

"So thou hast returned from the sacred mission!" added a second voice. "Truly thy brethren believed thee dead!"

Instinctively the disguised Englishmen halted and looked back, chilled to the bone with fear; and it was well for them that other of the people in the court did the same, and moved nearer the gateway, their curiosity roused by so uncommon an event.

It was to Bhagwan Das the two priests had spoken, and he stood facing them with a countenance that was on the verge of self betrayal. But in this supreme moment he showed himself equal to the emergency. Swiftly his resolve was made and quickly and cunningly he played the part.

"I am here," he said. "From the outer world of evil, whither I want to serve the Serpent Queen, I have returned in safety."

"And is the mission accomplished?"

"I have done that which I was bidden to do," was the reply. "Is it thy place to question me of things due only to the high priest?"

"But why come you here in this strange garb as one of those bearing offerings to the shrine?" persisted the inquisitor.

"For a good reason," Bhagwan Das answered, calmly. "I have escaped many perils and made many enemies, and I feared that some might follow me even to the gates of the monastery; so I chose this safer course, in which I have violated no law of the order."

Just then the beating of drums and the weird chanting, which had ceased for a few moments, began anew. The natives surged back into the court, and the Englishmen retreated a few paces with them.

"We are lost—nothing can save us!" said Nigel, in a low tone.

"No; there is still hope!" whispered Hawksmoor. "For Heaven's sake, be careful! We are not suspected, nor are we likely to be. Bhagwan Das has more pluck than I ever gave him credit for. He was quick as lightning to grasp the situation—to nerve himself to play the part of his brother."

"I thought that was it. He did it well——"

"Hush! look yonder, Davenant."

One of the priests had just sounded a gong that hung by the gateway, and almost immediately two other priests appeared as if by magic. A brief and inaudible conversation ensued, and then the new arrivals led Bhagwan Das away. He vanished from sight to the left of the outer court, no doubt being taken through one of the bronze doors.

Silently and with forced unconcern, Hawksmoor and Nigel moved further from the gateway into the thick of the crowd, but at heart they felt the keenest anxiety and fear. They were fairly dazed by the sudden and unexpected blow that had fallen upon them by the loss of the trusted comrade on whom they had built all their hopes, and for a time they paid but scant attention to their surroundings. At one side of the great court a little apart from the throng of worshippers, they stopped to consider the situation.

"This is a terrible misfortune," Nigel said, gloomily. "We can save ourselves, I suppose, but I don't see any hope of rescuing Muriel. What can we do without Bhagwan Das? I don't understand how he was mistaken so readily for his brother."

"It is very simple," replied Hawksmoor. "I told you the two looked as much alike as two peas. Evidently when Panta Lal went forth to seek and slay Bhagwan Das he was clean shaven, and grew the beard afterward, and Bhagwan, turning up here without a beard, was at once taken for his brother. It was a natural blunder, for Bhagwan Das believed that Panta Lal always wore a beard, as many of the priests in the monastery do."

"It was a blunder that will cost the poor fellow his life," muttered Nigel. "How long do you suppose he will be able to play the part of his brother, when it is forty years since he was a priest himself?"

"I believe he will manage it," said Hawksmoor. "His memory is good and several times recently we discussed the possibility of this very thing—of his assuming the character of Panta Lal at a pinch."

"Then he may be able to help us yet," Nigel asked, eagerly, "even before the day is over and we are turned out with the rest of the rabble?"

"There is a reason to hope so," Hawksmoor replied. "At the worst, I believe I could find the way to the deserted part of the monastery, and to the subterranean river. Bhagwan Das made it as clear as he could to me. But give me a chance to think, Davenant—to decide what we had better do. And in order to avoid suspicion it will be wise to move about. There is plenty of interest to be seen here."

They moved slowly across the court, following the example of others who were bearing their offerings to where the throng was thickest, and as they advanced their keen eyes took in all that was to be seen. It was indeed a wonderful and interesting place, this Court of the Shrine. It was nearly two hundred feet square, open to the sky and paved with blocks of red granite. The high walls were of snow-white marble, with a sort of a terrace running around them, and here and there a narrow passage leading into darkness. They were adorned with arabesques in different colors, sculptures in relief, and ancient tablets containing inscriptions.

At one side of the court, along the wall, two huge and fierce-looking Tibetan mastiffs were chained, and a little further on a beautiful snow leopard of the Himalayas snarled and paced behind the bars of a gilded cage. On the opposite side the elephant of the native potentate towered above the attendants in charge of it, and from its uneasy manner it was evident that the big brute scented the leopard.

Hawksmoor and Nigel soon found themselves at the extreme end of the court and close to the shrine of Durgadeva. Here was a sight to make their eyes glisten, for the image of the Serpent Queen, erected on a broad pedestal of marble, was of pure gold as far as the seven branching heads, and these were studded with jewels of every color that flashed and glittered like a million of tiny lights. Behind the shrine hung rich drapery, and before it the worshippers had made a great pile of their offerings. On each side stood three priests in long white robes, chanting in weird voices, beating silver kettledrums, and rattling strings of bells.

Of the hundred or more of natives in the court the greater part were kneeling near the shrine, and Hawksmoor and Nigel concluded that they had better deposit

their offerings and follow the general example. But as they were looking for an opportunity of doing so, an alarming sound rang above the chanting and running of the priests—the shrill blast of a military bugle.

All was confusion at once. The kneeling worshippers sprang up in haste, and looked toward the outer gateway. Hawksmoor and Nigel glanced in the same direction and what they saw struck a chill of despair to their hearts.

CHAPTER XXV.

PERSHAD SINGH'S PRISONER.

It was truly a frightful peril that now menaced the disguised Englishmen. As the bugle blast echoed shrilly, there appeared at the outer gates half a dozen horsemen wearing the silver-gray uniform of the native army of Nepal: their clattering approach through the tunnel had been drowned by the noise within the Court of the Shrine. Without hesitation the troopers spurred into the smaller court, headed by no less prominent an individual than Pershad Singh, the commander of the army; and perched on the saddle in front of one of the wiry little soldiers, with his wrists fettered and his face ashen with fear, was Ali Mirza.

It needed no words to tell Hawksmoor and Nigel what this visit meant—what ominous errand had brought the soldiers and their captive to the monastery. They grasped the situation in a flash, and it was fortunate that none was watching them at the time, else their agitation and the alarm in their eyes must have betrayed them; for general attention centered on the intruders in the outer court, and there were loud murmurs of astonishment from the horde of natives, and wrathful exclamations from the six priests, who had come round to the front of the shrine. Indignation and surprise were natural enough! Never before in the memory of those present had armed and uniformed soldiers of the Maharajah dared to defile the sacred abode of Durgadeva with their presence! Never before had the notes of a cavalry bugle rung defiantly through the courts and cloisters of the monastery!

"For heaven's sake be calm!" Hawksmoor whispered in his companion's ear. "Nerve yourself—make a bold bluff of it! Our fate hangs on a thread, and the first sign of fear will mean detection and death."

"I'll do the best I can," muttered Nigel, making an effort to pull himself together.

"By Jove! this is awful! Heaven itself is against us, Hawksmoor—first we lose Bhagwan Das, and now Ali Mirza has turned traitor."

"Not exactly that," Hawksmoor said. "He must have been captured on his return to Yoga yesterday, and by threats or torture he has doubtless been made to confess all he knew—the little ruffian would not hesitate to save his life by those means; and now at the command of Matadeen Mir, he has been brought on here by Pershad Singh for a purpose that is perfectly clear to my mind."

"And to mine," added Nigel. "But how could he have fallen under suspicion?"

"I don't know. Possibly that spy who was killed had a companion with him who got away. Or perhaps Ali Mirza was identified by the fellow who grappled with him at the Durbar House. I was a little afraid of that."

"Well, it's all up with us now," whispered Nigel. "We can't hope to—"

"Hush, Davenant, we are talking too much. Compose yourself, while we are waiting to see what course the affair takes."

There was not long to wait. By this time the confusion and noise had increased, priests and worshippers had forsaken the shrine of the Serpent Queen, and the brazen notes of a gong were swelling the discord. The troopers had dismounted in the outer court, and Ali Mirza stood trembling between two of them. Pershad Singh was also out of the saddle, and conversing with the guards at the inner gate. A slow and general movement of the throng had begun in that direction, but Hawksmoor and Nigel lingered behind.

Suddenly there was a stir and bustle, followed by comparative silence. From one side of the outer court the venerable Vashtu had appeared, accompanied by an escort of six savage-looking fellows. His white robe, embroidered with jewels, trailed on the ground, and his face was stern and wrathful. At sight of him many of the natives in the Court of the Shrine fell on their knees, and it seemed to be generally expected that

Pershad Singh's head would be at once struck from his shoulders.

But, on the contrary, the commander of the army merely knelt on one knee before the high priest, bowed very low and rose to his feet, holding forth a sealed document. This Vashtu accepted, and tearing it open, he began to read the contents. Thus a minute passed, while a hum of awe-struck and wondering voices rose from the watching crowd.

"Is that a letter from Matadeen Mir?" Nigel whispered.

"Doubtless," was the reply. "Ah, now, comes the next act of the drama. Davenant!"

The high priest had finished reading the document. He imperiously lifted his arms and spoke a few words. The massive outer gates were shut with a crash, and the horses were led to one side of the court. Close to the inner gate Ali Mirza and his two guardians stationed themselves, and opposite to them stood Pershad Singh and a row of priests and soldiers. Then Vashtu came forward to the threshold of the Court of the Shrine, and with flashing eyes he spoke in a loud voice:

"Hearken ye, my people, to my words! Truly a strange and welcome report hath just reached me by the writing of the Prime Minister—a report concerning the wicked and impious thing lately done at the Durbar House in Yoga, of which ye all know. Yonder prisoner is one of the guilty. He was seized but yesterday, and he stands here now ready to accuse those who urged him to the crimes that he has confessed. There are three of the evil men—two Feringhees and one of your own race. It is believed that they are among you, having cunningly disguised themselves and entered the monastery as though bearing gifts to the shrine. So let all come forth and pass before the eyes of the prisoner! And let not the guilty ones hope to escape the vengeance of Durgadeva, she of the seven heads, our great Serpent Queen!"

The high priest stepped back, and a place was made for him by the side of Pershad Singh. Then on the silence broke a tumultuous din, filling the Court of the Shrine with a volume of angry sound—threats and curses, incredulous exclamations, and clamorous voices demanding punishment of death for the Feringhees. The natives glared suspiciously at one another, and to such a pitch was their fanatical fury roused that weapons flashed out on all sides.

It was a terrible moment for Hawksmoor and Nigel, though from the first they had expected the matter to take this turn. But never had they acted their parts better or with steadier nerves than now, when the least sign of fear or confusion must have been fatal. Letting the offerings that they still carried slip to the ground unobserved, they drew their knives. They looked fiercely and furtively at their neighbors, joining lustily in the clamor, and meanwhile moving on with the throng toward the gate of the court, but not straight in that direction, for by a slight touch now and then Hawksmoor guided his companion to one side, and by this sign Nigel felt that a ray of hope still remained.

"Can you find the secret way out of the court?" he asked: for the tumult around them made conversation possible.

"It is behind the shrine," Hawksmoor answered, "and utterly out of our reach at present."

"Yes," Nigel assented, dismally, "if we turned toward the shrine we should be suspected at once. I don't see any chance for us unless Ali Mirza should fail to recognize us."

"He would know us at once," said Hawksmoor.

"But perhaps he will purposely let us pass without recognition? It can't be known to a certainty that we are here."

"Don't count on Ali Mirza, Davenant. Now that he has turned traitor he won't hesitate to carry his devil's work through to the end. No, there is just one slim hope left to use—an inspiration has struck me—and the next moment or two will decide our fate."

"Then be quick!" muttered Nigel, glancing toward the court.

The natives were already passing out one by one. Each was confronted by Ali Mirza, and by Pershad Singh and Vashtu as well. The crowd now looked to the exposure being made at the gate, having failed to discover any suspicious persons among them, and all were in haste to take their turn.

So without attracting any particular attention, the disguised Englishmen steered a course to one side of the

court, and stopped close to the end of the cage that contained the snow-leopard; the brute was snarling savagely, excited by the unwonted commotion.

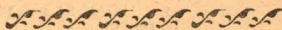
"What do you intend to do?" Nigel whispered.

"You will see," Hawksmoor replied. "Be ready to make a dash for those curtains behind the shrine—to

stick at my heels. It's a risky venture, but it may do the work. All depends on promptness and speed."

With that Hawksmoor reached over the end of the cage, shot the fastening bolt from its socket by a hard jerk, and swung the gilded door wide open.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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CHAPTER IX.

TWO YOUNG COWBOYS.

The interest excited by Tom's curious discovery subsided after awhile. The crucifix and breviary were put away among Mr. Bruton's curios, and the conversation turned to topics nearer home.

The incidents attendant upon Tom's escape and the search of the Home Ranch by the sheriff of course were the leading subjects.

"That Montez is as revengeful as an Indian," said John Burton, curtly, "and, mark my words, Tom, he'll hunt you like a bloodhound till he runs you to earth."

"You'll have to go back to your stepfather, after all, I'm afraid," regretfully observed Phil, who was growing very fond of his new friend.

Tom's lips tightened a little.

"I don't propose to allow a fellow like Montez to drive me off, or make me change my purpose a hair's breadth," he said with a certain air of determination which his whole bearing carried out.

"Good for you!" exclaimed Phil, energetically.

Dolly said nothing, but her eyes certainly looked her approval.

"Well, what is your purpose, my lad?" asked Bruton.

"I want to see whether I like the West well enough to live here," glancing—perhaps involuntarily—at Dolly's bright face framed in rings of short dark hair.

Sharp-eyed Phil, who had caught the glance "on the fly," as he mentally expressed it, chuckled a little. Picking up his banjo, he sang in a very audible undertone:

"There was a young tenderfoot gritty,
Who came from his home in the city,
To the far away West—
And he liked it the best
Because its young girls were so pretty."

"Phil, aren't you ashamed?" said Dolly in an energetic whisper.

But the unabashed youth only winked in a knowing manner, while Tom, with a slightly heightening color, went on:

"I've some money of my own in the East that mother left me, beside what I've got with me. If I found that I did like the country—and it liked me—I might buy a small ranch and try cattle raising."

John Bruton shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Don't try it in Nevada, whatever you do. The

winters grow worse and feed more scarce every year. I'm talking now of selling out to a St. Louis syndicate —"

"And going East, father?" cried Dolly, clapping her small hands.

"Not quite yet, dear. I have a notion of trying a year or two ranching in Southern Arizona, or even New Mexico, first. There are no winters there, comparatively, and the grazing lands are better. But it is all uncertainty any way."

"Mr. Bruton," said Tom, suddenly, "would you give me a chance with your boys on the ranch this winter?"

"So you've got the cowboy fever, eh?" laughed Bruton. "I'm afraid, though, you'd be terribly disappointed. Young fellows East form their ideas nowadays from the Buckskin Joes and Broncho Bobs of dime museums or side shows, and think all a cowboy does is to dress picturesquely, ride a broncho, shoot buffaloes and fight Indians, with a little herding thrown in."

"I'm not such an ass," was the blunt response. "I want to rough it, to learn to ride and shoot, and handle cattle. Then I should know something if I ever did own a ranch."

"That sounds more like business. Yes, I'll give you a show. Forty dollars a month and furnish your own outfit. And, if you like, you can start for the south range with the boys next week."

"Very good, sir."

And thus the matter was settled.

"Of course you'll give me a chance if you do Tom?"

Phil was the questioner, and his uncle regarded him with a look of surprise.

"I'm afraid you're not tough enough for that sort of thing, Phil," he replied, kindly. "And you don't think of buying a ranch some day, as Tom here does."

"I want to go with Tom, all the same. That is, if he'll let me."

"There's nothing I'd like better," was Tom's hearty reply, and Mr. Bruton finally gave a half-reluctant consent.

Well, there was not much time to be lost. The sooner Tom was away, the better as regarded his personal safety. Even in the event of evading the vengeance of Montez, there was always the chance of his being run to earth by a detective anxious to secure the reward offered for Tom's apprehension by his stepfather.

The question of an outfit was easily arrived at.

Deerskin leggins and hunting shirt, as being more useful if not so picturesque as the garb of the cowboy of the show, were furnished them by one of the ranchmen who was his own tailor. A "Stitson" sombrero, sold by weight at a dollar an ounce, with a cartridge belt for a band; serviceable high boots, and a "slicker" or oilskin coat reaching to the heels, completed the wearing apparel.

Then came saddle, bridle, riata, blankets and a tarpaulin for protection in bad weather. To these was added the indispensable .45 calibre revolver, without which the cowboy's outfit is never complete.

Both new recruits could ride ordinarily well. Their bronchos were picked out by Bruton himself from those trained especially for the herders' use; after which they were duly enrolled among the twenty or more preparing to start for the fall round-up.

It is no purpose of mine to give in detail the experiences of their new life for the ensuing winter months. One reason for this is that prosaic fact is far less interesting than picturesque fiction, and the latter has thrown a sort of glamour about cowboy life which is very misleading. The distinction between the true and the false is not unlike that between the "lop hands" and the "drags," to use the technical terms of the plains.

The former are the true "cowboys" of fact. Theirs is a life of routine work, with but little of incident or adventure. To them is delegated the selection of their best cattle to be driven to market, the "cutting out," and careful management of the vast herd on its way to the nearest railroad shipping point.

The "drags" are hired as a sort of understrappers for general utility work during three or four months. They perform guard duty, to prevent the herd from scattering or breaking up while on the drive. Then having been paid off, more or less of them drift to the abodes of civilization, arrayed after the wonderful manner familiar to the readers of dime literature which treats of border life. Here as Cayuse Charlie or Wildfire Jim, such a one sometimes poses as an Indian slayer and bold, bad man who shoots on sight, thereby inciting adventurous youth to go and do likewise.

But, as Tom had declared, no such motives had to do with his own choice. Nor had Phil any fanciful notions on the subject. The desire of being near the friend he had found, added to his restless, energetic nature, had decided him. And so having made their adieus, they rode off behind the two big wagons containing provisions and bedding. Tom little thinking how and when they should see Dolly's face again.

CHAPTER X.

TERRIBLE NEWS.

Foreman, boss, cook and riders numbered some score of men in all. This included the day and night "wrangler," whose duties were to look after the spare ponies, of which half a dozen or more were delegated to each rider, so that a fresh horse was always available.

It was the last round-up for the season, after which, instead of returning to the Home Ranch, the gang were to winter in a ranch house fifty miles distant, in the very heart of the Western Wilds.

Tom preferred this, as he had determined to share all the hardships and discomforts of a rancher's life. Then experience would help him to decide as to his future action, and whatever Tom was willing to do Phil acquiesced in.

So after the arrival of the outfit at the rendezvous, some three days from the time of leaving the Home Ranch, began a new and at first a rather exciting routine of life.

Every morning saw a gathering of more than a hundred and fifty mounted horsemen, from the various "outfits" assembled at the rendezvous around the general foreman's wagon.

Under the latter's direction, all hands start out for the "circle riding," in which the scattered droves are to be gathered in. By separate half dozens the riders worked right and left along the creeks, driving the collected cattle to the "round-up" ground.

Then mounted on fresh horses the real work begins. Perhaps ten thousand bellowing, vicious, half-wild cattle are "rounded in" to one vast drove. Around this great congregation of constantly clicking horns

and stamping hoofs the mounted cattle guards or "drags" are stationed at intervals, to keep the cattle in check as far as possible. Then the different brands have to be cut out from the surging mass—a work attended with no little difficulty and danger. Each brand is "bunched" by the boys of the outfit to which it belongs—cows and calves together. Bulls, steers and heifers are similarly gathered. The bunches are then driven off to the range worked on the previous day and there guarded.

So day after day till the extent of the country set apart for grazing has been worked over. Then men from each outfit drive their stock to the several home ranches, and the "round-up" is over. Branding follows, after which the marketable beef is sorted out and driven to the nearest railway station for transhipment to the East.

A short season of rest ensues. Then the ranch-house has to be made ready and provisioned for the winter months. There is fuel to cut and hay to store as winter fodder. One horse only is kept for individual use; the others are turned loose to shift for themselves.

But, oh! the monotony of those winter months! And the winter of that year will long be remembered for its extraordinary severity in the annals of the Western ranches. Blinding blizzards and bitter cold—driving snow storms and furious gales alternated for days. Cattle perished by the thousands, and John Bruton's losses were more than heavy—he was crippled by them.

Through it all, Tom and Phil did their own share of duty manfully. The former's memory made him a good story teller, and Phil of course had brought his beloved banjo. Thus the long evenings were whiled away after a fashion. But with the first coming of spring our two young friends turned their faces toward the Home Ranch.

"I don't think I shall put any money into cattle raising," said Tom, briefly, as he looked back at the log ranch, from the door of which one of the boys was waving a final adieu.

"I don't think I would," was the pithy reply.

And then with light hearts, the two galloped on over the plain, all unconscious of what was even then transpiring at the Home Ranch.

On a sunny morning of May two horsemen drew rein on the brow of a sloping elevation of land which was hardly elevated enough to be called a divide.

One of the two was broad-shouldered and athletic in build. The other, though somewhat slighter, was sinewy and wiry. The hair of each was long—their features darkened to a fairly good semblance of copper color by the action of the winter winds. A sturdy health and vigor, such as is given to the plainsman in no mean measure, was apparent in every movement. And their seat in the saddle was that of horsemen accustomed to hours and even days of hard riding.

That I am describing Tom and his friend Phil Amsted, will readily occur to the reader. Three days of travel had brought them within sight of the Home Ranch. Unslung his field glass, Tom took a long look at the distant buildings.

"Can you see anything of Dolly?" laughed Phil.

Tom colored even through his bronzing. But for a moment he did not answer.

"I don't see any one," he replied finally. "Not a soul stirring round the cattle sheds or the other out-buildings. Wonder where they all are!"

"Perhaps Uncle Jack is away on a hunt, and has taken the helpers with him."

"Perhaps so."

Still on such a lovely morning Dolly herself would hardly care to be indoors. Yet there were no signs of the young girl on foot or on horseback anywhere in the vicinity of the ranch.

Tom shut his glass with a sharp snap, and returned it to the case slung across his shoulders.

"Hurry up a bit, Phil."

And the two urged their horses down the rugged slope as fast as was compatible with safety.

"There's Dinah, anyway," exclaimed Phil, as a portly, turbaned mulatto woman came out on the stoop. Shading her eyes with one fat hand, she peered anxiously at the two riders who came dashing up into the yard.

"Bress us an' save us. It's dat yere Mars Tom an' Phil hiffself. Howdy, boys? But oh Lawdy, dar's bad news—bad news! 'Light down, chilluns—dat are lazy Bram'll take de hosses. Bram, Whar is you?"

Bram, a colored youth in ragged apparel, came shuffling round the corner of the ranch, as the now alarmed new comers leaped from their saddles.

"For heaven's sake, what has happened, Dinah?" exclaimed Tom.

For the mulatto woman sank heavily on a stool, and throwing her apron over her head, began sobbing and sniffing hysterically.

"Dem Injuns done carry Miss Dolly off, day 'fore yes'day! Mars Bruton nigh 'bout crazy. Tuk all han's 'cept me'n Bram, an' lit out after 'em. But laws—dem redskins got mor'n half day's start. Nebber see Miss Dolly no mo'—nebbber!"

Thus wailed Dinah between hysteric intervals, while Tom and Phil looked at each other aghast.

CHAPTER XI.

A HOPELESS PURSUIT.

At first Tom Fenwick could hardly believe the terrible news, but Dinah's story, after she became a trifle composed, was all too convincing.

Mr. Bruton had been off on a deer hunt. Mexican John and Bram were the only "men folks" about the ranch. Dolly had just been helped to her saddle by the Mexican, intending to ride out over the hills to meet her father on his return. All at once a band of mounted Indians, about twenty in number, came clattering into the yard—hideous in war paint and feathers.

One of them—Blueskin, as they knew from his scarred visage—grasped Dolly's bridle rein, and in a moment the others surrounded her. Mexican John struck at the nearest with his knife, and was felled like a log by a blow from a clubbed rifle. Then the party rode off to the southward at full speed, with the young girl on her own horse in their midst.

Bram, mounted on a half-wild broncho, was dispatched in search of Bruton and his men, but failed to find them till it was dark. They only stopped long enough for a fresh relay of horses from the corral, and started on in pursuit—almost useless as it was to try to pick up the Indians' trail after nightfall. And since then Dinah had heard or known nothing save that another party started out from Lodeville early on the following morning after hearing the news of Dolly's abduction.

"Was Montez among them, do you know?" asked Tom.

But Dinah could not tell. She presumed likely he was.

"Mars Montez was terr'ble took wid Miss Dolly—washuped de groin' her foots trod on. But laws—Miss Dolly'd sooner hab' a wil'cat roun' her."

Then on hospitable thoughts intent, Dinah waddled into the house to prepare breakfast, leaving Tom and Phil to talk over this terrible and unexpected news together.

Remembering what Dolly had said regarding Blueskin's enmity toward her father, their only definite conclusion was that the abduction was partly prompted by revenge, with possibly an idea of holding the young girl for a ransom—a thing that had been done by some Wyoming outlaws only the year before. That they would offer bodily harm to her, was hardly probable—it would advantage them nothing, and moreover raise the entire country in arms against them.

Dinah could give them no information beyond the fact that Bram had heard in Lodeville how Blueskin's party had been traced across the border in Arizona, nearly as far as the pass in the Virgin Range.

This was quite enough. Wild-goose chase or not, Tom and Phil at once agreed that their duty was plain. They must overtake and give their aid to the pursuing party if possible. If not, they would do what they could individually to get news of the abducted girl.

That Tom was the leader in this seemingly half-hopeless attempt goes without saying. And wherever Tom went, Phil followed.

Well their preparations were soon made. The ranch furnished everything but a supply of ammunition—Bruton's party having taken it all.

Phil rode to Lodeville, and brought back a quantity of cartridges for the Winchester rifle and a repeating carbine which formed part of John Bruton's armory. Something else he brought back—a bit of news which to both had a certain significance.

"Did you find out whether Montez was one of the party that started out after Blueskin?" asked Tom almost the first thing.

"I found out that he was, and heard a funny story into the bargain."

"Well?"

"The day Dolly was carried away, Montez packed and rode off to the northward alone. Said he was bound on a prospecting trip."

"Perhaps he was."

"Perhaps so—yes. But that day at noon one of Bixton's men came in from the range with a string of cayusses he bought from a trader. He swears that he saw Montez with Blueskin's party where they had camped just this side the divide between Lodeville and the Home Ranch."

Tom turned as pale as the healthy tone of his complexion would allow. Part of his pallor was the white heat of wrath—part arose from a sense of Dolly's danger.

"I think," continued Phil, before his friend could speak, "that Montez in Indian disguise had a hand in stealing Dolly. And if he did—"

"If he did," said Tom hoarsely, "it will be the sorriest job he ever had a hand in. Don't forget it, either."

From which it will be seen that Tom was unconsciously adopting some of the expressive idioms of the locality.

"I won't," was Phil's pithy reply. He had unbounded admiration for and belief in his friend's ability to carry out almost anything he undertook.

Two "blue" broncos were selected, and duly dubbed Pepper and Mustard through some fanciful whim of Phil's, because of their superior smartness and strength, as he said. For whether it is a superstition or not, a so-called blue bronco is far superior in bodily endurance to any other color or breed known to the rancher.

A good pocket map belonging to Bruton was added to the few necessities carried in the small "grub" sack which, with tarpaulin and "slicker" was strapped to the back of the saddle, with a tightly-rolled blanket. They took no pack mule—time was too precious for that. Till they were fairly beyond the border, ranchers, settlers' cabins and miners' "shacks" would furnish them with the few provisions needed in addition to game shot as occasion required. A little hardtack, coffee and salt comprised the stores for their adventurous journey.

Phil's banjo hung on the wall as he had left it. They had arranged for an early start in the morning, and after supper he brought the instrument out on the veranda.

But Phil's volatile nature seemed under a cloud, so to speak. In a voice at once touchingly tender and sad he began singing:

"Over the breast where the lilies rest,
In a white hand stilled forever.
The roses of June will nod and blow
Unheeding the hearts that sever."

"For de lan' sake, Mars Phil," called old Dinah from the interior, "gib us somefin' liblier'n dat ar fun'ril song—'tain't a good send off fer you two, anyway—sure to bring bad luck."

"All right, Dinah," said Phil, with a laugh, as he struck up:

"Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way,
Hope flies before and smiles upon to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A YOUNG BREADWINNER;

OR,

GUY HAMMERSLEY'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

The Story of a Brave Boy's Struggle for Fame in the Great Metropolis.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

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CHAPTER I.

THEN AND NOW.

IT was one o'clock, the busiest hour of the day in Fox & Burdell's restaurant. On each side of the long lunch room and at two smaller counters running down the center, business men were perched on stools; ramming, cramming, jamming—no other terms will express the process—their midday meal home as if they were loading a gun to fire at game which might at any moment take to flight.

"Guy Hammersley! Is it really you?"

A tall young fellow in a cape overcoat, who was crossing the room towards a vacant stool of which he had just caught sight, halted abruptly as though a live electric wire had suddenly sprung across his path. He held out his hand to a youth of his own age, who had acted as the live wire, and who was an employee of the restaurant.

Both his hands were occupied in removing the dishes from before a gentleman seated at one of the middle counters, and he started so when he heard his name mentioned that he almost dropped them with a crash to the floor.

"Arlington!" he exclaimed in a low voice, and managed to set the dishes safely down on the counter again and take his friend's hand.

Then, speaking to a colored waiter who came up, he said: "Pumpkin pie for this gentleman," and turned once more to his friend.

"Great Scott, Hammersley, what under the sun are you doing here?"

"Talking to you, just at the present minute," laughed the other; then suddenly becoming serious, he added: "So you haven't heard?"

"No, I've heard nothing. For Heaven's sake, Guy, old fellow, tell me what has brought you to this?"

"The Gotham Bank. You must have read of its disgraceful failure, brought about by the old story of an unfaithful cashier?"

"Yes, I read a brief account of it in the American Register when I was in Paris. Did you bank there?"

"Yes, and mother lost everything. She's giving singing lessons now in the Manhattan School of Music. I couldn't sit down and be supported by a woman so I walked the city from end to end trying to find something to do. But we know very few here in New York, and mother could not go back to Cincinnati, nor did she want me to go away from her; so when Mr. Burdell, a member of Dr. Pendleton's congregation, where we attend, offered me a place in the restaurant at seven dollars a week, I decided that I ought to accept it."

"How long have you been here?" asked the other, his eyes fixed on the refined, handsome face of his friend, and wondering how he brought himself to endure his present surroundings, with the constant clatter of dishes, the cries of "Irish stew! One fry! Mug of Bass!" etc., and the associations into which it must bring him.

"A month, and it is not as bad as you imagine. I'm not really a waiter, you see; only I'm supposed to look after things at this counter and help when necessary. At half-past two, when the cashier eats his lunch, and after I've had mine, I receive the checks and make change at the desk: so you see my position is a responsible one, in a certain sense, after all."

At this moment a waiter near by called out, "Glass o' cider," and, hastily excusing himself to his friend, Guy went off to fill the order, blissfully unconscious of the fact that he had lost Fox & Burdell a customer for that day at least.

During the time spent in his chat with Hammersley, the stool on which Arlington had had his eye was taken, and he had no mind to eat his lunch where he could see his friend running about, waiting on this horde of hungry business men. With a hasty "Good-by, Guy, I won't detain you longer and I honor you for your independence," he left the restaurant, and for some distance sauntered along, scarcely conscious of whether he was going.

It all seemed so inexplicable; Guy Hammersley, handsome, dashing Guy, the "head boy" of Fairlock Hall, whose pockets were always full of cash ever ready to be spent most generously for his friends, and for whom the master had always predicted a brilliant future—to see this same fellow now, after only six months, with a napkin under his arm in a downtown restaurant!

Arlington emphasized the down-town in his reflections. If he had encountered Guy at Delmonico's or the Brunswick, he might have been less shocked, for he had often read of impoverished counts and dukes who had donned the waiter's jacket at these cafes.

"But I do respect him for it," the noble fellow murmured to himself, "and I'm going to show him some attention to prove it. I wish I'd left him my address and asked him to call. But never mind. I'll step in again next time I'm down-town."

Meanwhile Guy was bustling from one end to the other of the lunch room, wiping off counters with his napkin where he saw it necessary, supplying customers with bills of fare, and filling all orders for liquids.

But while he worked hard and faithfully with hands and feet, his mind was far away from this noisy babel, intently dwelling on a great, vine-covered mansion, set down amid spreading lawns, smoothly shaven, and shaded by grand old trees, underneath

which he had lain many a day, eating nuts and chatting with the friend who had just left him.

And a great portion of this talk was devoted to the future that lay before each of them, as bright for one, it seemed then, as for the other. They were both to enter college in the fall, Guy to wear the crimson of Harvard, and Bert Arlington the blue of Yale. And what a glorious time they were going to have of it, and how each meant to distinguish himself, not only in certain branches of study, but in the world of boating and football!

They were both Western fellows, Guy coming from Cincinnati and Bert from Chicago. Fairlock Hall, where they had met, was in Connecticut, and here Guy had spent four very happy years, the only drawback to his complete contentment being the separation from his mother. But he went home for the Christmas holidays, and at Easter she always came on and took rooms at the Windsor in New York, when Guy went down and stayed with her during his vacation.

His father Guy had never seen, he having died before the son's birth. He had left his family a very comfortable fortune, all of which Mrs. Hammersley, by the advice of a friend, had invested in stock of the new Gotham Bank, of New York.

As the family was so small, and a great deal of her time was spent in traveling, she did not keep house, but lived in a handsome suite of apartments at one of the Queen City's hotels, where Guy, when he was home, was enabled to entertain his friends most sumptuously. But on her son's installation at Harvard, Mrs. Hammersley proposed removing to Boston, so that they could be together, and meanwhile they were to pass the summer at Saratoga.

She had attended the commencement exercises at Fairlock, and Guy had accompanied her back to New York, when the crash came. It was so sudden and so awful, falling on them when they were so far from their old-time friends.

But after the first shock had passed, Mrs. Hammersley decided that it was better so. She could never bring herself to be dependent upon others, even her closest friends, and it would be far easier for her to make her own way among strangers.

She and Guy removed at once to a quiet boarding house, and with the little that was left them from the wreck of their fortune lived through the hot summer days, each looking for something to do.

Most of the few friends that Mrs. Hammersley had in New York were out of town, so that the quest both in her own case and Guy's was a doubly difficult one, and it was chance at last that finally crowned it with success for each of them.

One afternoon late in August she met Dr. Pendleton on the elevated road. She had had a letter of introduction to him from friends in the West, and attended his church whenever she was in New York. He learned her story, and, knowing of the fine voice she possessed, arranged to have her sing the following Sunday in his choir, and by this means succeeded in securing her a position on the staff of teachers at the Manhattan School of Music, of which a friend of his was director. The sight of the chum of the old days, albeit these were only six months before, brought all these things back to Guy's mind with the vivid force of contrast, and most of his work that afternoon was done mechanically. He did not tell his mother about the meeting with Arlington. He feared it would only pain her to think that it might have pained him.

The next day he had just got his department in order for the business rush when Mr. Fox came up to him and said: "Hammersley, I want you to go out on an errand for me."

This was something new, but Guy quietly took his hat and coat and awaited further orders.

CHAPTER II.

SUMMONED HOME.

"Hammersley," said Mr. Fox, when Guy presented himself in his private office for orders, "I want you to take this package for me around to the office of the Fireside Favorite, in Murray street. It is a view of our establishment to be used in the magazine as an advertisement, and all you need do is to leave it for the manager of the advertising department. You will see his room as soon as you enter. There is no answer,

and hurry back as quickly as you can. It is but a step from here."

Glad of the opportunity for even this brief outing—for of course it was not necessary for him to go out to lunch—Guy took the little package and hastened off. He was by this time quite at home in the downtown localities and had no difficulty in finding the number in Murray street to which Mr. Fox had directed him. A sign in the doorway apprised him of the fact that the offices of the Fireside Favorite were situated on the top floor; and when he arrived here, he found himself in a low, broad room, with paper-bound books piled up in every direction, two offices partitioned off on one side, and not a single person visible.

Guy cleared his throat once or twice, but nobody appeared. It was noontime, and the girls who wrote wrappers and did up books for mailing were evidently in some back room eating their lunch. To his left was a small gate, giving access behind the counter, and which now stood half open. Just behind it were two private offices, on the door of one of which appeared the words:

"Advertising Manager."

Inside Guy could see a roll top desk, the lid down, and gathering from this that the man to whom he had been sent was not in the building, he decided that rather than lose any more time he had better step inside, leave the package on the desk, and return to the restaurant.

Acting on this idea, within three minutes he had executed his commission and was on his way back to Fox & Burdell's.

"Funny way of letting an office take care of itself," he soliloquized, as he walked along. "Lucky my business didn't require an answer."

He was just passing the foot of the stairway leading to the Park Place station of the Elevated Road, when he heard his name called by some one half way down.

"Mr. Hammersley! Mr. Guy!"

It was a woman's voice, and looking up he saw Eliza, the waitress at their boarding house home, hurrying down to head him off. Her manner as excited, and Guy's heart almost stopped its throbbing for an instant as his thoughts flew at once to his mother.

"What is it?" he cried, running part way up the stairway to meet the girl. "Mother sent you to—"

"Lor', Mr. Guy," was the response, "she ain't able to speak, and Miss Stanwix thought I'd better come down and get you."

"For Heaven's sake tell me what has happened!" demanded Guy, his vivid fancy picturing a hundred dreadful possibilities.

"You'll come right back with me, won't you?" went on the girl, as they reached the sidewalk.

"Yes, of course," and Guy led the way to the up-town stairway without a thought of Fox & Burdell. Some evil had befallen his mother, and there was no room in his mind for anything else just then.

"Now what is it, Eliza?" he repeated, when he had dropped two tickets in the box, and they were pacing the platform waiting for a train.

"It was an express wagon, sorr, belongin' to Tim O'Shea, who does kape the little office around the corner. Yer ma was crossin' the strate, agoin' to get on the car, whin Tim's bhiv Tom came drivin' along, gapin' at a big theayter poster, the galoot, and his horse knocked your ma down, and her beautiful plush cloak do be that covered with dust an' dirt as brings tears to your eyes to look at it."

"But mother herself," interrupted Guy, impatiently. "Never mind the cloak. Tell me, was she much hurt?"

"Well, as I was tellin' ye, sorr, she was spachless but there wasn't no blood. A tall gentleman, with gold-rimmed eyeglasses, picked her up and carried her from the corner clear to the house and upstairs. Oh, but he must be a strong man to do that same, and then I came right away down for you. Miss Stanwix was feard, sorr, a telegram would scare ye too much."

"As if you hadn't scared me about as much as possible," reflected Guy, as they boarded the train.

He tried his best during the trip up town to find out where his mother was injured, but without avail. Excitable Eliza would deal in nothing but generalities and exclamations, so that when they arrived at the

house in Forty-Fifth street poor Guy was wrought up to a fearful state of agitation.

His mother occupied a large room on the third floor back, while he had the small one adjoining, a folding-bed being in each. Hurrying up the stairs, two steps at a time, he pushed open the door of his mother's apartment and was immediately confronted by the apparition of a tall man, wearing gold-rimmed eye glasses, a much waxed mustache, and who held a finger laid across his lips, from which a soft "ssh" issued.

"I am her son. Let me see my mother," implored Guy, in a low tone.

"Oh yes," said the tall gentleman with a pompous air which quite confirmed the impression Guy had already received of him, "but quietly, very quietly. She has had a very severe shock, and the least commotion may throw her back. The doctor is now making his examination."

While speaking the stranger had made his way out of the apartment, drawing the door to behind him, thus forcing Guy back into his own little room.

"But I ought to see her. I am her son, the only relative she has here," and the boy made a motion as if to dodge past the other.

But the latter laid a much beringed hand on his shoulder, and putting off a good deal of his pomposity, said conciliatingly: "I know just how you must feel, my boy, to be held back in this way by one who is a perfect stranger to you. But the doctor charged me to admit no one till he summoned me. Believe me it is for your mother's good."

Considerably appeased by the good sense of these remarks, Guy stepped back into the mite of an apartment which was all he could call his, and sank down on a chair, his eyes riveted on his companion with a gaze that said almost as plainly as words: "Who are you?"

He of the eyeglasses evidently so interpreted it, for bending down his head he began in a solemn undertone:

"I was so fortunate as to be directly behind your mother when the accident happened. I tried to warn her by shouting, but was just too late. Then I sprang forward and dragged her out from under the horse's feet."

"Then you can tell me, sir, how badly she is hurt," Guy burst forth, rising from his seat.

"Oh, I trust not seriously. She was very much dazed of course, and could not speak. I carried her home here."

"But—but if she could not speak, how did you know where my mother lived?" Guy lifted his head hastily to inquire.

"That will involve a little explanation," was the answer as the other took a seat. Then he continued: "You must know that I live just across the street, and hence, as I am at home a good deal of the time through the day during the summer months, could not fail to notice your mother and yourself as you passed in and out. Thus I had no difficulty in knowing where the lady I had rescued belonged."

The use of the word "rescue" impressed Guy with the conviction that he had been lacking in the display of a proper sense of recognition for the services the stranger had rendered. Therefore he now stammered: "I am sure I am deeply grateful to you, Mr.—"

"Colonel Starr. I forgot to tell you that on arriving here and ascertaining from Miss Stanwix, whom I know, that your mother had no regular physician, I took the liberty of stepping down the block and calling in mine, Dr. Chusdie, a man of superior skill and far-reaching repute. But there, I hear him calling. We can go in now."

His heart beating at double quick, Guy followed Colonel Starr out into the hall and into the darkened room where his mother lay on the lounge, Miss Stanwix bending over her with a bottle of smelling salts, while a short, chubby little man, smoothly shaven, was just putting on his overcoat.

Guy darted forward and knelt by his mother's side. She looked just as usual, perhaps a trifle pale, and as Guy took her hand she opened her eyes and smiled—the faintest flicker of a smile.

"I am glad you are here, Guy," she said, "so you can see for yourself that it is nothing so serious as it might have been. I was afraid they would frighten you."

"And you are not in pain?" asked Guy, softly.

"No, my boy; nothing is broken. It was only the shock. I shall be all right presently. Good-by, doctor. You have my name I believe—Mrs. Hammersley."

Taking this for a dismissal, the physician withdrew, but Colonel Starr still remained.

CHAPTER III.

AN ASTOUNDING CHARGE.

As soon as the doctor had departed, Colonel Starr, who had been conferring aside with Miss Stanwix, came forward.

"I trust, madam," he began, addressing himself to Mrs. Hammersley, "that you will pardon my intrusion, but I can only excuse it by saying that I could not go on my way until I had learned that you had suffered no serious consequences from your dreadful experience. I wish you a very good morning," and he bowed himself out.

Miss Stanwix withdrew immediately after, and mother and son were left together. Then Mrs. Hammersley broke down, simply from a revulsion of feeling.

Looking up in her son's face through her tears she murmured: "When I felt myself going and saw that horse over me, not one thought did I give to myself, but all to you, Guy! 'What will become of him if anything happens to me?' was my inward cry, and then to find that I had escaped; that I can still work for you. Ah, Heaven is merciful; and I am afraid none of us sufficiently appreciate our blessings till we see that they are in danger of being taken from us."

Now although Guy loved his mother with all his heart and soul, it always pained him deeply to hear her speak in this way of laboring for him. He knew that she did it out of pure affection, as the work she had undertaken was indeed a labor of love, wrought in the consciousness that he would benefit by it. But at the same time, as any high-spirited boy can easily conceive for himself, Guy wished with all his heart that it was otherwise.

So now he tried to divert her thoughts from himself by inquiring more particularly into the details of the accident, and thus he came naturally to the query that had all along been uppermost in his mind.

"Who is this Colonel Starr, mother?"

"Ah, you noticed it, too, did you, Guy?" she broke in quickly. "There is something odd about him. But I dislike to speak about it even to you. I cannot but realize that he saved my life, and I try to feel the proper sense of gratitude."

A this point there was a knock at the door. It was Eliza, evidently as much excited as she had been when bound on her errand to the restaurant.

"Oh, Mr. Guy," she exclaimed, "there's a gentleman down in the parlor all red in the face and says he must see you right away."

This summons brought back to the boy like a flash the recollection that he had come off without reporting to Mr. Fox.

"I don't wonder they're cut up about it," he said to himself as, with his overcoat still on, he hurried downstairs. "But they'll understand it all as soon as I tell them about mother."

He found no less a person than Mr. Fox himself in the parlor, not sitting down, but pacing back and forth on the rug that lay in the doorway. As soon as he caught sight of Guy, he faced him almost fiercely.

"Ah, sir," he exclaimed, "you are going to brazen it out, are you? I did not expect to find you here, but was determined to come and investigate for myself."

Guy looked bewildered. What did the man mean by the word "brazen?" Surely a mere absence from the restaurant of little more than an hour ought not to call for such a term, and to cause a member of the firm to come himself clear up town to see about it! It was inexplicable.

"I am very sorry," Guy began. "I was so shocked that I never once thought of going back to the restaurant to—"

Mr. Fox waved his hand for silence and broke out: "Shocked!" he exclaimed in a voice which Guy knew only too well must be distinctly audible to the servant who was setting the lunch table in the dining-room. "Why, boy, you must be out of your head to think you can blind me by such pretense of innocence. You are not a child and must be fully sensible of the enormity of the crime you have committed."

"Crime!"

Guy looked completely mystified. Was it then a crime to leave one's employer's office and go home without first asking permission? A mistake, and a serious one, it might be, but, as has been said, Guy felt that he had the best of all excuses. But as yet, he had had no opportunity to give it.

Mr. Fox was wrought up to a terrible state of wrath. Guy had never seen him angry before, and could not but feel that his must be one of those natures that rarely allow their passion to rise, and for that reason, give freer rein to it when it does obtain the mastery.

"Crime?" he repeated now after Guy. "If stealing thirteen dollars isn't a crime I shall have to go to school and study the English language over again."

"Stealing thirteen dollars!" Again Guy could only echo the other's words, but this time through lips that grew white and trembled slightly.

"Come now, Hammersley," went on Mr. Fox, seating himself on the piano stool. "what is the use of putting on such an air of surprise? I've done already more for you than I would for any other boy in my employ, on account of Dr. Pendleton. And if you will own up and restore the thirteen dollars, I will arrange with Mr. Inwood not to say a word about the affair outside, although of course I could no longer retain you in my place. But I can allow it to be supposed that you left of your own accord. All I ask now, you see, is restitution and confession."

Guy was still so dazed that he could scarcely articulate.

"I don't in the least understand what you mean, Mr. Fox," he replied, slowly, and looking his employer straight in the eye. "I haven't had charge of the desk since three o'clock yesterday afternoon, and if the money was not missed till this morning—"

Mr. Fox bounced off the piano stool with a return of his anger.

"This is too much!" he exclaimed. "I took the trouble to leave my business and come all the way up here to try and make things as easy as possible for you, and you still persist in keeping your air of injured innocence. But you must come along with me. We'll see whether you will not break when you find yourself confronted with Mr. Inwood and the policeman he'll have on hand."

Guy began to realize now that some terrible mistake must have been made.

"Won't you explain more clearly, Mr. Fox?" he said. "Who is Mr. Inwood and when did this theft take place?"

This question was almost too much for the restaurant

proprietor. Convinced as he was that Guy was guilty of the crime charged against him, it seemed the height of impudence for the boy to inquire about particulars on which he was presumably better informed than anybody else. But by a great effort Mr. Fox stifled his wrath, and adjusting his voice to a dry, harsh measured tone, replied:

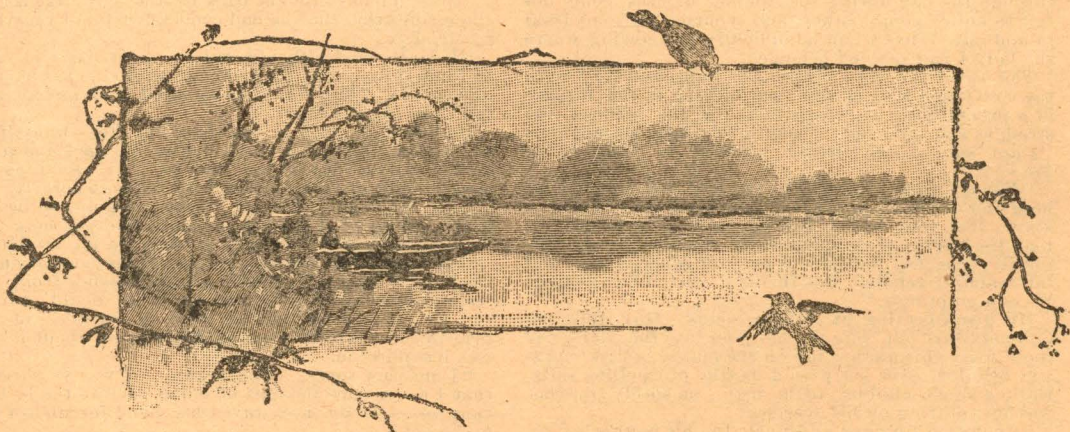
"Simply to recall the facts to your memory, I will say that at noon I sent you round to the office of the Fireside Favorite with a package. You left the package, for Mr. Inwood, the advertising manager, found it on his desk, but you took away a roll of bills, amounting to thirteen dollars, which had just been paid him, and which he had left in his desk through oversight on going out to lunch with a friend. When he came back the roll was missing. He questioned his employees, and ascertained from them that no one had admitted anybody during his absence. But the cut from our establishment was there, and naturally Mr. Inwood at once came around to me to find out who had brought it."

Guy saw it all now, comprehended how his eagerness to execute his errand with dispatch had resulted in coiling about him a web of circumstantial evidence from which he would find it difficult to escape.

"This is horrible, Mr. Fox," he said, now in his turn pacing up and down the floor in nervous helplessness. "I never took that money, had no earthly idea it was there, as how should I have? Finding nobody came, and seeing the room open where the package belonged, I simply walked in, left it and came away. The reason I did not return at once to the restaurant was because I met a messenger from home who informed me that my mother had been injured in an accident. Naturally I was very much alarmed and came up here at once. As for the robbery, the evidence against me, you must see, is purely circumstantial. Why cannot some one of Mr. Inwood's clerks have taken the money as well as I?"

"And what would that be but convicting them on circumstantial evidence, too?" Mr. Fox put in quickly. "Besides, Mr. Inwood has perfect confidence in them all. They have had numberless opportunities to steal much greater amounts, and nothing was ever missed before. Of course I was greatly shocked and at first would not believe it, but your protracted absence soon lent color to Mr. Inwood's suspicions, and then I determined to come up here and give you the chance I have already offered you. That you have refused, and justice must take its course."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



RULES AND REGULATIONS

Governing the Admission of Candidates Into the Military and Naval Academies as Cadets.

(Compiled from Official Documents.)

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.

(Part IV.)

ACADEMICAL EXAMINATION (continued).

The following examples and questions in arithmetic are a few of those which have been used at past examinations. They are given in order to indicate more clearly what is required, but it should be distinctly understood that entirely different ones are used each year.

Multiply 4.32 by .00012.

Divide 3380321 by MDCCXCIX, and express the quotient by the Roman system of notation.

Change .013 to an equivalent fraction whose denominator is 135.

Find the greatest common divisor of 26 1-4, 28 7-8 and 29 1-6.

How many men would be required to cultivate a field of 2 5-8 acres in 5 1-2 days of 10 hours each, if each man completed 77 square yards in 9 hours.

Separate 772 2-3 into three numbers, which shall be in the same proportion as 2 1-2, 7-10, 6-10.

Five cubic feet of gold weigh 98.20 times as much as a cubic foot of water, and 2 cubic feet of copper weigh 18 times as much as a cubic foot of water; how many cubic inches of copper will weigh as much as 7-9 of a cubic inch of gold?

Find the least common multiple for the numbers 3-4, 2-1, 5-25, 7-8.

A wins 9 games out of 15 when playing against B, and 16 out of 25 when playing against C. How many games out of 118 should C win when playing against B?

A and B run a race, their rates of running being as 17 to 18. A runs 2 1-3 miles in 16 minutes 48 seconds, and B runs the entire distance in 34 minutes. What was the entire distance?

A and B can do a piece of work in 4 hours, A and C in 3 3-5 hours, B and C in 5 1-7 hours. In what time can A do it alone?

English shillings are coined from a metal which contains 37 parts of silver to 3 parts of alloy; one pound of this metal is coined into 66 shillings. The United States silver dollar weighs 412.5 grains, and consists of 9 parts silver to 1 of alloy. What fraction of the United States dollar will contain the same amount of silver as one English shilling?

Give the rule for reducing the decimal of a given denomination to integers of lower denominations.

What is the effect of dividing the denominator of a fraction by a whole number, and why?

Explain the difference between a common fraction and a decimal.

What is the effect of annexing a cipher to a decimal, and why?

If the same number be subtracted from both terms of an important fraction, what will be the effect? Why?

Give the rule for reducing a common fraction to an equivalent decimal, and explain why the resulting decimal will be equal to the common fraction from which it is obtained.

Give the rule for dividing one decimal by another, and explain why the decimal point in the quotient is placed where the rule directs.

Define reduction, and state the different kinds.

Grammar.—In English Grammar, candidates must be able—

1. To define the parts of speech, and give their classes and properties; to give inflections, including declension, conjugation, and comparison; to give the corresponding masculine and feminine gender nouns; to give and apply the ordinary rules of syntax.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

(Part IV.)

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE EXAMINATION (continued)

"They were always a strange family; they rarely acted like other people; their hearts were in the right place, but their heads always seemed to be doing anything but what they ought." Such a sentence must be parsed fully, giving the part of speech, and kind, case, voice, mood, tense, number, person, degree of comparison, etc., as the case may be, of each word, and its relation to the other words, thus:

Strange is a descriptive adjective, positive degree. It qualifies the noun family.

Comparative, stranger.

Superlative, strangest.

Acted, an intransitive verb, regular (or weak) in conjugation, indicative mood, past tense, third person, plural number. Its subject is they.

The third division will contain a number of incorrect sentences to be corrected, thus:

1. Describe the sources from which our knowledge of these events are derived. 2. How sweetly their voices sound! 3. Try and do as you was told! 4. I should have liked to have been there and seen it. 5. There's a sweet little cherubin sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

Among these, correct sentences will sometimes be introduced to test more thoroughly the knowledge of the candidate.

Since the school grammars used in different parts of the country vary among themselves in their treatment of certain words, an answer approved by any grammar of good repute will be accepted.

Geography.—Candidates will be required to pass a satisfactory examination, written or oral, or both, in descriptive geography, particularly of our own country. Questions will be given under the following heads: The definition of latitude and longitude; the zones; the grand divisions of the land and water; the character of coast lines; the direction and position of important mountain-chains and the locality of the higher peaks; the position and course of the principal rivers, their tributaries, and the bodies of water into which they empty; the position of important seas, bays, gulfs, and arms of the sea; the position of independent states, their boundaries and capital cities; the position and direction of great peninsulas, and the situation of important and prominent capes, straits, sounds, channels, and the most important canals; great lakes and inland seas; position and political connection of important islands and colonial possessions; locality of cities of historical, political, or commercial importance (attention is especially called to the rivers and bodies of water on which cities are situated); the course of a vessel in making a voyage between well-known seaports.

The candidate's knowledge of the geography of the United States can not be too full or specific on all the points referred to above. Accurate knowledge will also be required of the position of the country with reference to other States, and with reference to latitude and longitude; of the boundaries and relative position of the states and territories and of the name and position of their capitals, and of other important cities and towns.

History.—Candidates should be familiar with so much of the history of the United States as is contained in the ordinary school histories.

The examination will be either written or oral, or both, and questions of the same general character as the following will be given:

1. Name the earliest European settlements within the present limits of the United States, and fix their position. When and by whom were these settlements made?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Editorial Chat.

Address all communications to "Army and Navy," STREET & SMITH, 238 William Street, New York City.

Owing to the space required for the special football article it was found necessary to leave out several of the departments and to shorten others this week. The next number of Army and Navy will contain the usual complete departments.

The reader will find in the special article on football in this issue a comprehensive description of the great winter game. It has been prepared with extreme care by a writer thoroughly familiar with the subject. It will prove interesting to players and novices alike. Those of the latter class who wish to learn the game will find many helpful hints and suggestions, also a number of the more important rules used in professional games. The illustrations are from photographs and show effectively many of the principal players in the various colleges and academies of the United States.

The serial by Matthew White, Jr., commencing in this number, is well worth reading. It has often been said that the test of an author's skill is his power to make an interesting tale from a homely subject. In "The Young Breadwinner" you will find that fact well proved. Guy Hammersley, the hero, is simply a boy—one of thousands, yes, millions, who, suddenly thrown upon their own resources by an unexpected misfortune, are compelled to battle for their daily bread.

The story is simple, but in every line can be found bravery and unselfish endurance, and manliness. It does a boy good to read such stories. It is possibly in the future of any youth to be compelled to encounter just such experiences. The scene is laid in the great metropolis, and the pen pictures of the "City" are faithfully drawn. Guy Hammersley's prototypes can be found any day in the teeming streets of New York.

A. G. B., Peoria, Illinois, asks advice on the professions of pharmacy and civil engineering. He has a liking for both and cannot decide which would be the best for him to adopt. He is seventeen years of age and has graduated from the common schools. It is a difficult matter to decide such an important point for this young reader without knowing more of his inclinations and aptitude. In civil engineering he would have to be mechanically inclined. The term civil engineering covers many branches; each civil engineer generally applies himself to one particular branch, and excels in it. One does railroad work, another builds bridges, a third makes tunnel work and mining his specialty, a fourth excels in hydraulics, and so on through all the branches. Civil engineers are paid in fees same as a lawyer or architect.

Pharmacy is also a good profession, providing one aims for a higher position than drug clerk. The salary of an ordinary drug clerk is not sufficient to keep a man, especially if he is married, in comfortable circumstances. The proprietor of a drug store, however, makes a good living even though his trade is not large, as it is a well known fact that there is a large profit in drugs. We have read of a few men who started as drug clerks and are now on the top rung of the ladder of success. After they received their degrees from the college of pharmacy they entered at once on the practice of their profession by becoming drug clerks, and during their leisure hours studied chemistry and experimented.

Scheele, to whom we owe the discovery of chlorine and glycerine, was an apothecary's clerk in Sweden, where he made his great discoveries. Dumas, the great French chemist, who did so much toward establishing the Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures, the famous technical school in Paris, was likewise apprenticed to an apothecary.

Arthur Sewall

Items of Interest

All the World Over.

They Get Used to It.

To the average resident of the temperate zones an earthquake is a rare and terrible event, creating more consternation than any other visitation of nature. In the tropics, however—particularly in Central America—it is wonderful how easily the residents become accustomed to these shocks, though they do not come wholly without warning.

You are sitting, on a hot afternoon, chatting with your friends, when suddenly the sky seems to grow hazy, and everything seems hushed. There is a general rush, and, though you may not know what is the matter you cannot help feeling uncomfortable.

The old natives say, "We are going to have a little shake;" and then the house begins to rock, the tumbler fall off the table, you begin to feel very unwell, and the thing is all over. The sky clears, and the various noises of the street are resumed.

There is something inexpressibly terrifying about the trembling of the earth. The slightest oscillation will awaken the population of the whole town, but unless some considerable damage is done, everybody goes to sleep again as a matter of course.

Entirely Reversed.

Being on the other side of the earth is perhaps the reason why the Japanese do things in a fashion exactly the reverse from us. Of course, to them we are the contrary mortals, but the fact remains the same. Here are a few instances.

Japanese books begin upon the page where our books end; the page which we call the title page they utilize for the finis. In the superscription of a letter the Japanese begin with the name of the country to which the letter is to be sent; then follows the city, then the local address, and, finally, the name of the receiver, thus:

"United States, New York, Jones Street, 112, Smith John."

In Japan, babies are carried, not in the arms, but upon the back. Etiquette compels the removal of the shoes rather than the doffing of the hat. Boats are stranded with their sterns instead of their prows on the shore. Instead of saying northeast or southwest the Japanese say east north or west south.

In all books the footnotes occur at the top of the page, keys turn to the left, carpenters plane towards the body instead of outward and in cash accounts the figures are written first and the corresponding item next. The Japanese mount the horse from the right side the harness is fastened in all parts on that side and the mane is brushed and made to grow that way. In his stall the horse is placed with his head outward and his food is always served at the stable door from a tub.

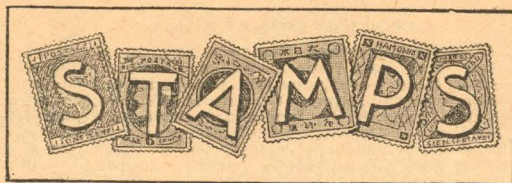
Owing to Superstition.

The great drawback to Chinese railway building is not due to the Imperial laws or Governmental opposition but to the national veneration for the dead.

The biggest crop produced by the land of the celestials is its crop of grave-mounds. All over the great plain and in the neighborhood of every city and village you will see fields of these mounds. They are of the size and shape of a good-sized haycock, and are usually covered with grass.

In most cases there is no stone or slab to mark the name of the ancestor who rests beneath. Over each of these graves is supposed to hover a ghost, and connected with every Chinese family there is a spirit which regulates its daily life.

This spirit is called the "Fingsui," and the Chinaman thinks that the most terrible thing will happen if it becomes displeased. He believes that it is opposed to railways, and that it would resent the building of a line near its own particular grave-mound. This, curious as it seems, is one of the greatest influences against railway building in China.



(SPECIAL NOTICE.—To insure the safe return of stamps sent to us for examination, correspondents should inclose them in a separate stamped envelope bearing name and address. The prices quoted are from current lists and are subject to change.)

NOTICE.—Questions on subjects of general interest only are dealt with in this department. As the ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY goes to press two weeks in advance of date of publication, answers cannot appear for at least two or three weeks. Communications intended for this column should be addressed ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY CORRESPONDENCE, P. O. Box 1075, New York city.

E. S., New York City.—1. Candidates for the position of apprentice in the U. S. Navy must be between 14 and 17 years of age. 2. Apprentices are enlisted at the principal navy yards and at Newport, R. I. 3. Candidates are questioned superficially as to their knowledge and education. There is no examination in particular branches. 4. Navigation is not taught to apprentices, only to naval cadets. 5. Apprentices on entering the service receive \$9 a month and expenses, and can rise to a monthly salary of \$21 in time. 6. Training ships go on annual cruises to Europe and the West Indies.

P. R., Providence, R. I.—The following is an easy method of breaking glass to any required form: Make a small notch by means of a file on the edge of a piece of glass; then make the end of a tobacco pipe, or a rod of iron of about the same size, red hot in the fire. Apply the hot iron to the notch, and draw it slowly along the surface of the glass in any direction you please. A crack will be made in the glass and will follow the direction of the iron. Round glass bottles and flasks may be cut in the middle by wrapping round them a worsted thread dipped in spirits of turpentine, and setting it on fire when fastened on the glass.

J. G., Akron, Ohio.—1. Aluminum is a white metal resembling silver in appearance. It is very malleable and ductile, and may be beaten and rolled into thin sheets or drawn into fine wire. By hammering in the cold it becomes as hard as soft iron, but may be softened again by melting. It forms alloys with most metals, and is largely used for articles of jewelry for making balance beams, astronomical instruments, and bells. 2. Four different states, namely—New Jersey, Minnesota, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, have a town called Wrightstown.

Laundryman, Knoxville, Tenn.—1. The proper test of hard water is soap. When soap comes in contact with sulphate of lime, as in washing, it curdles, forming a new soap which will not dissolve, and floats on the surface. The better test is to dissolve a little soap in alcohol and place a few drops in the water to be examined. If it remains clear the water is perfectly soft, if it becomes curdled the water is hard. 2. To soften hard water, sew boiled oatmeal in a muslin bag and keep it in the water all night.

H. P. F., Sunbury, Pa.—The governor to an engine is an apparatus for regulating the supply of steam. When a machine is going too fast the balls fly out by centrifugal force and shut off a portion of the steam; when too slowly, they fall back, and, opening the valve, let on the steam again.

W. S. K., Easton, Pa.—The magazine you inquire about was at one time published as a literary periodical in Boston, Mass. We are under the impression that it is not in existence now, but you can receive positive information by writing to the postmaster of Boston, Mass.

G. S., Savannah, Ga.—To remove rust from nickel plate, grease the rust stains with oil and after a few days rub thoroughly with a cloth moistened with ammonia. If any spots still remain, remove them with dilute hydrochloric acid, and polish with tripoli.

R. G. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—To remove a wart cover the skin around the wart with lard, apply over the surface of the growth one or two drops of strong hydrochloric or nitric acid; then keep the part covered up until the scab separates.

C. J. J., Pocahontas, Iowa.—Jefferson City is the capital of Missouri.

A Berlin paper reports the issue of a patent for a new process for preventing counterfeiting. The paper on which the stamps are to be printed is first imprinted with invisible ink which shows when moistened with a solution of ammonia, but when anything is used to erase the cancellation the invisible print is affected and will not appear, giving certain proof that the stamp had been tampered with.

John Adams is to appear on the new 1-cent postal card. The plates have been engraved by the Bureau Engraving and Printing and will soon be turned over to the new contractor. This adds a new portrait to those used on our postage stamps, as though the portrait of Adams has appeared on some revenue stamps this is the first time it has been placed on a stamp for postal use.

A new stamp cancelling machine recently invented in Europe has a platinum wire which is heated by electricity and sings the stamp in such a way that it is impossible ever to use it again. The prospect of having all used stamps singed and partly burned is anything but pleasant to philatelists, and it is to be hoped that this invention will not be generally used.

The provisional St. Louis stamps were issued in November, 1845, by John M. Wimer, who was appointed postmaster in that year. They were first sold at rate of 16 5 cent stamps or eight 10 cent stamps for a dollar, but afterward eighteen 5 cent and nine 10 cent were given, the difference being required to pay for printing the stamps.

It is said that the current United States 2 cent stamp has been printed on experimental paper, one a double paper which on being wet separates into two thin sheets, the other a blue tinted safety paper. We would advise our readers to preserve any specimens of these stamps they may find, as they are likely to become valuable.

A new Spanish war tax stamp has just been issued. It has a large figure "5" in centre with "Cent." below, with "1897 a 1898" at bottom. These stamps are not used as postage stamps, but simply pay a tax which has been levied on all correspondence mailed in Spain.

Afghanistan is to issue a new set of stamps and will instruct all postmasters to remove the cancelled stamps from all mail matter before delivery and return them to Kabul, whence they will be sent to India to be sold to stamp dealers.

It is stated that the color of the current 1-cent stamp will be changed to green and the 5-cent to blue, on or before January 1, 1899 on account of a regulation passed by the International Postal Congress to that effect.

Liberia has just issued a new 3 cent stamp. It has "3 cents" in oval in center, "Republic Liberia" above, "Inland Postage" below, and is printed in red and green.

Three new high value stamps have been issued by Mauritius; they are 1 rupee, green and black; 2 1-2 rupee, lilac and carmine, 5 rupee, green and blue.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 320 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Mention Army and Navy.

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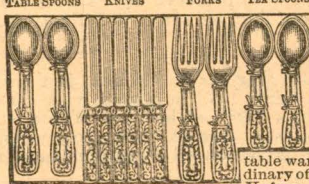
Mention Army and Navy.

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Mention Army and Navy.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

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WRESTLING.

History tells us that wrestling was the first form of athletic pastime. Without doubt, it gives strength and firmness, combined with quickness and pliability, to the limbs, vigor to the body, coolness and discrimination to the head and elasticity to the temper, the whole forming an energetic combination of the greatest power to be found in man. The book is entitled **PROFESSOR MULDON'S WRESTLING.** It is fully illustrated, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of **ten cents.** Address

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